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From Beginning

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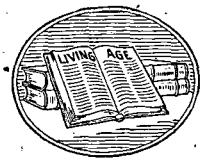

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A VISIT TO FIUME

BY JOSEPH GALTIER

On leaving Venice and just a little after Mestre, which suffered greatly from aerial bombardments, one finds the lamentable traces of the war: there are to be seen deep shell-holes, broken bridges, disemboweled houses, and ruined bell towers; but it is on arriving at the Carso that the work of destruction is accentuated. Monfalcone rears its desolate ruins, the station is demolished, the factories are unroofed. We know only too well such landscapes in France. That which characterizes this one in particular is the gray mass of the cliffs of the Carso, bare, without other vegetation than hedges of barbed wire, without other paths than the little roads of the trenches in those places in which a little earth permits such a defense. The ensemble of this region is one of savage monotony and crushing sadness. The springtime smile of the blue sea, which fringes with silver the flat and curved shore of the gulf, alone tempers this rude impression. And, when, finally, one sees the castle of Miramar at the end of the crescent of the peninsula and beyond, in a haze of golden silver, the imposing conglomeration of Trieste, a kind of relief seizes upon the heart.

Trieste is still in the full joy of its reunion with Italy. The Italian tricolor floats from all the public monuments; the streets are filled with soldiers and officers. Public conveyance is rare. Military autos and camions, on the other hand, roll noisily along the sonorous pavements of the town. Trieste is paved like the squares of Venice, with great, clean blocks of stone. She prides herself on her large, high, well-aligned houses; many are enormous edifices in the German style. Not in vain did the 'Tedeschi' long time hold the city under the domination of their taste! Also, in spite of its situation at the head of a splendid gulf, at the foot or on one of the flanks of almost bare mountains, gray and picturesque with their houses which resemble from afar white, blue, and red dominos; all this mountainous background recalls Cannes a little, without oases of fine Mediterranean palms, yet in spite of this engaging aspect, Trieste does not quite win one's heart. One feels one's self far away and in a foreign land. I do not mean to say that Trieste has the air of not being Italian, it is, on the contrary, very much so, both in senti-

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ment and language. Only Italian is spoken on the public ways; the names of streets, and signboards are also in Italian. But something is lacking there which speaks to every Latin heart, that something which is to be felt at Genoa, for example. The Germans have marked the town with a print, with an air which will fade away.

Austria has gone, but she has left her coinage behind her; not the best of souvenirs. There is nothing that better indicates the overthrow of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy than the fall of this coinage. It is the end of all crowns, a sign of the times. Florins and crowns now belong to collectors, to the past. Those who still possess them hold but a leaf of paper copiously illustrated but without value. The crown is worth forty centimes. For the least object, a perfectly monstrous number of crowns is asked; the visitor is forever calculating, but the total, which at first appears terrifying, restores one to the solid financial ground of France and Italy.

The whole Italian population of Fiume was badly and tyrannically treated during the war; the instruments of the Austrians being imprisonment and deportation. All the able-bodied men up to fifty years of age were either mobilized upon the front or packed off to repugnant duties in the rear. The Italians of Trieste fought in Russia and in Rumania. The population which once numbered 250,000 inhabitants, of which four fifths were Italians, fell during the war to 120,000. Altogether, 20,000 Italians went to the mother country. The mayor, M. Valerio (*podesta*, 1909 to 1915), was removed from office in May, 1915. Up to the 30th of October, 1918, the governor, Baron Fries Skene, exercised a kind of dictatorship; he fled from Trieste on the 31st. At that time, a provisional government and a committee of public safety were created. M. Valerio was chosen syndic by popular acclamation, the title of *podesta* under the Austrian régime corresponding to that of mayor (*syndico*). Finally, on the 3d of November, the Italian troops made their entry into Trieste to the music of endless acclaims. Since then, gayety and movement have reigned in the town.

The journey from Trieste to Fiume, by road roughly 75 kilometres, takes two hours by automobile. A mountain train takes six, this indicates well enough that the country is uneven. The truth is, that just outside Fiume begins the climb to the heights of the plateau, a climb which offers a marvelous panorama of Trieste and its gulf. On one side are to be seen Alpine sites planted with pines; far away, the Bay of Muggio, with its arsenal is visible; soon follows, however, a sparsely populated and savage region, the dry, arid, and wind-buffeted Carso. After snowstorms, when the north wind, the Bora, is blowing, it is a terrible passage. I have endured it. The wind, raised to a violent pitch by its sweep, cut and burned the countenance. There were rapid descents, abrupt rises, and short curves. Nothing was lacking to make the trip enjoyable. Everywhere are to be seen the bare tops of desolate hills and now and then a village usually inhabited by Croats. Half way there is to be found a little town, Castelnuovo, which is also Croat. It is surrounded by fields of mediocre quality, and beyond, the stony desert begins once more. The landscape softens again only at the borders of Fiume, and this, thanks to the neighborhood of the sea, the benefactress of this country. We see on the shore in an agreeable situation, Abbazia, a favorite all-

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season vacation place of the Viennese, and Lovrana. They are right at the foot of a mountain with their pretty villas and attractive chalets shining in the sun. Finally, one descends to Fiume.

Fiume is attached to its mountain and lies on the beach at the head of a gulf which forms a very commodious port. The town lies partly on the flank of the mountain and partly on the shore of the sea. To the east, a breach, a kind of deep gulf, separates it from Sussak, a Croat town. A simple metal bridge marks the two towns closely juxtaposed. The river and the breach are the natural limits of the town.

The city of Fiume has an Italian population, which, after a census made in 1918, represents three fourths of the entire population. It counts 28,911 Italians against 10,927 Croats, Slovenes, and Serbs, and 6,000 Hungarians and Germans. A census made by the Hungarian government in 1910, gave 24,212 Italians, 15,687 Jugo-Slavs, and 6,493 Magyars. It is to be seen, therefore, how much the Italian element is in the majority at Fiume. The town, because of its large new buildings, has somewhat the character of a German or Hungarian town. It is the architecture of Vienna and Budapest. Nothing could be more natural; for the Hungarian government had a predilection for Fiume, its only large port. Moreover, its railroad brought to Fiume the merchants of central Europe, almost all German-speaking. Therefore, the visitor is not astonished when in his hotel at Fiume, the personnel speaks to him in German. The cafés are in the Viennese and Hungarian style. I have heard there an excellent orchestra of *Tziganes* furnished with the indispensable cymbals. One might almost fancy himself at Budapest. But in the street, it is the Italian speech which meets the ear at every step.

In order to understand the question of Fiume, it seems to me necessary to show how this town, or better, this commune, has been jealous of its independence for centuries, has been opposed to all Austrian, Hungarian, or Croat domination and attached to its Italianism. Always struggling against the Slav influence, the Italian element has kept to its Italian sentiments in a state of extreme tension. Events which preceded and followed the armistice gave to this element, if one may so speak, a more than ever Italian character. The independence of the city and its Italian character are thus the two essential factors of the question.

There exists, further behind in the past, a patent of Ferdinand I, who in 1530 recognized the statutes of the commune of Fiume. This magnificent 'lord-captain,' chosen by the Emperor to govern Fiume, made at the moment of his entry to the town a solemn oath, swearing to preserve and amplify the statutes, laws, rights, and privileges of the commune. Moreover, Fiume rendered homage to the new Emperor, homage reserved to Trieste and Fiume, which distinguished them from the other towns of Austria. This explains why Charles VI, in order to assure the throne to Maria-Theresa, expressly invited the free commune to recognize and accept the new disposition of the Pragmatic Sanction. In 1776, Maria-Theresa breaking the tradition of history united Fiume to Croatia. The town resisted and revolted so well that after three years, Maria-Theresa was forced to abrogate the decree of 1776. Closer to our times, in 1848, the Croats occupied the city by force. The struggle, constant and bitter, lasted nineteen years, until 1867, an epoch in which both Croatia and Hungary recognized the privileged situation of Fiume. The Italians of Fiume accepted so little the Croat domination that the

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governor of Fiume, in 1861, declared that because of the 'constant struggle of party,' the town and district of Fiume was to be considered in a state of siege. One sees that it is not since yesterday that this free and proud commune has been a scene of turbulence. Let us take note also that the Croats, before 1867, invited the citizens of Fiume to send deputies to the Diet of Agram to ask for the union of Fiume with Croatia; these deputies, however, brought only a protestation against all projects of union.

Let us now consider the recent facts. During the war, Fiume contained many Hungarian troops. Were they there because of Hungary's fear of the Croats, whom the Hungarians have always distrusted? The fact is that the Hungarians lost no chance to check the development of Croat ambitions. One fine day, at the end of September, 1918, the troops disappeared. The Hungarian governor of Fiume demanded troops from Budapest in vain. None were sent. At this moment, naturally enough, feeling the triumph of the Entente, did the Hungarian governor wish to favor the Jugo-Slavs, let us say rather, the Croats, against the Italians? It is certainly true that only one regiment remained in the town, the 79th, and that was composed of Croat troops. This regiment committed, on the 23d of October, certain excesses. It took the tribunal by assault. The following day, this regiment was taken to Pola in camions. A Styrian regiment, or at least a part of it, formed the escort to this convoy. On the 27th of October, the mayor was warned that in three days the Croats would come to Fiume. The Hungarian governor, Fekelfalussy, demanded instructions from Budapest. Wekerlé answered him, 'Cede the power to the Croats and let everything pass quietly.' On the 29th, there arrived at Fiume, with the title of 'Supreme Count' a kind of prefect accompanied by 500 armed men, Croats from the Austrian army. This prefect sent the mayor an order in Croat. This was contrary to all precedents; the orders from Budapest having always been in Italian; in the courts, Italian was spoken and the Hungarian governor, on taking office, came to the hall of the Municipal Council to take the oath in Italian and to swear respect to the privileges of Fiume. As soon as this violation of customary usage was known, the town covered itself with the Italian colors. There was a kind of general uprising. An enormous mob gathered in the public squares and in the street, acclaiming seven names as members of the National Council, this number was later augmented by fourteen, which brought the number of men composing the Directive Council to twenty-one. The syndic (the *podesta*), gave in his resignation but was reëlected by popular acclamation.

This National Council had no force at its disposition, no police, no civil guard. I have been told that during the night a Croat machine gun, hoping to frighten the population, fired ceaselessly into the air. The cruiser Emmanuel-Filibert did not get to the port until the 4th of November. But on the night of the 29th, there left Fiume for Trieste, in a Red Cross auto, four people, among whom were the president of the Tribunal, Stiglich, and two officers of the Austrian navy who were of Italian origin. At Trieste, these officers managed to get hold of a motor boat and hurried to Venice to demand aid. En route, the motor boat met the Italian destroyer which had torpedoed the Viribus-Unitis. On board this destroyer were found the officer Paolucci and Sem Benelli, the well-known

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author. Paolucci wished to fire on the motor boat, but Sem Benelli replied that an alarm must not be given at Pola. Finally, after having escaped a number of shells from the guns defending Venice, the motor boat arrived at the quays and its occupants hurried to the Admiral di Revel.

What a state of effervescence must have reigned in Fiume during these last days of October! After the armistice, it was delirium.

It requires no deep study of psychology to understand the cause and result of the incidents of Fiume. I can tell of these incidents in detail; I know them. But to what good? Why should I dwell upon regrettable incidents? However, my Italian friends must allow me to declare that the misunderstandings and the errors were not exclusively on our side. It is enough for me to say this: that, on one side, the contestants did not place themselves quite enough in accord with the international point of view and did not have the inter-allied mentality for which the Peace Conference is qualified. Fiume is not like Trieste, it is a part of a contested territory, claimed by two peoples and both of these peoples are our allies. On the other hand, we must reckon the state of mind of the town of Fiume, of Italian Fiume, of independent Fiume, jealous of its rights and mistress of its future. A delicate situation! The Italians of Fiume are more Italian than the Italians. In this city, questions of nationality have all the bitterness of implacable party struggles. There are rivalries and hatreds embittered to an extreme degree and this the other Allies were not quite able to understand. Let me also add that the taking over of Fiume as a base for our eastern armies, or perhaps, those of the Danube, has not made either the population of the town or the Italian army look upon us with a friendly eye, but the town is calm as far as I can see. An Italian *carabinier*, an English soldier, and a French *gendarme* form the group of police whom one meets often in the street. It is hard to tell which one is the happiest, I mean the quietest of the three. Indeed, all three seem very peaceful.

To conclude, I do not think it doubtful that the city of Fiume is Italian by a large majority. Even at the time of the Pragmatic Sanction, the delegation from Fiume which signed the document had Italian names; twenty-eight names, indisputably Italian. Recently, an American arriving at Fiume had the idea of going to the cemetery to read the names on the tombs. This performance gave the municipality the idea of a referendum at the cemetery. The dead were to vote. The result was decisive, more than eighty per cent of the inscriptions are in Italian. The figures have shown no partiality, and the arithmetic is not political.

I do not think that the Jugo-Slavs contest the Italian majority of Fiume. They bring forward other reasons supporting their claim to this port. They declare that the town is by majority Italian, while Sussak, on the other hand, includes a majority of Croats. If Sussak is to be sacrificed to the Italians, why should not Fiume be turned over to the Jugo-Slavs? The argument is not allowable. But the Jugo-Slavs insist that geographically and economically, Fiume is the centre, the municipal hearth of a Jugo-Slav district; that Fiume is indispensable to a Slav hinterland; that Raguse and Spalato are separated from the inland by a mountainous barrier and are insufficient outlets for commerce and too costly to improve.

The Italians reply that they do not object to Jugo-Slavia having ports on the Adriatic; that they claim only that

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third of the coast which is necessary to Italian defense, and, moreover, that they wish to make of Fiume a free port. The Peace Conference must decide this difficult problem; but, I repeat, the question of Fiume is already decided for anyone who visits the town; Fiume is Italian.

Le Temps, April 12

LLOYD GEORGE AND CLEMENCEAU

BY MAXIMILIAN HARDEN

PRESIDENT WILSON, as lately as last autumn known to the gentlemen in our Foreign Office as 'the agent of the plutocracy' (as a matter of fact it was as the antagonist of the plutocracy that he rose in popular prestige), has now been admitted into the forecourt of favor. But what can he do against the flinty heart of his allies in Europe? Almost every day I get letters asking the same tremulous question, and proving that the belief in our enemies' 'will to annihilate us' has survived every other product of Nicolai's* factory. 'But do you seriously think that Clemenceau and Lloyd George will ever listen to reason?' I do; seriously. Maybe reason quitted her nest in their heads for a short flight, but has long since returned to roost under the roof of these two Celtic craniums.

Monsieur Georges Clemenceau is a fine spirit (*ein Geistiger*). The classical Jacobin. One suckled on the spirit of Didero — the last man, in all probability, of this stamp. The son of a doctor from La Vendée, he himself after his return from America — to whose free air he was driven by abhorrence of the Empire of the third Napoleon — became a doctor in Montmartre There he was indefatigable in attending the poor. He is chosen a member of the Paris Municipal Council, then elected to the Chamber, as a follower of Gambetta, from which he is swept away in the year of the malodorous Panama deluge by the inane suspicion of being in England's pay. He fights Gambetta, Ferry, Jaurès, Millerand, Delcassé, Viviani, Briand, overthrows Minister after Minister and, therefore, acquires, as Senator, his nickname 'the Tiger.' Yet there is nothing of the beast of prey about him, only a great deal of the *batailleur*, the fighting cock *à la* Cyrano. In his struggle for freedom he fights as journalist, as member of Parliament, and, at the age of 66, for the first time, as Minister, to champion the old-style republican's view of right — preferably alone, never in the crowd, and always with the clear weapon of the spirit. Even the opponents of his policy loved him, even his friends dreaded his abruptly veering moods, and did not account him, for all his talents, one of the statesmen upon whom France might rely at the pinch of need. 'Great in criticism and destruction only' — that was the stereotyped description. When, in November, 1917, Monsieur Poincaré,

*Lieutenant-Colonel Nicolai, one of Ludendorff's agents for political propaganda in Germany.

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cruelly mauled by *L'Homme Enchaîne*, was obliged to offer the old man of 77 the Premiership, I wrote:

'Monsieur Clemenceau already loved his country with the ardent longing, the stormy jealousy of the wooer who is never quite satisfied, when he looked no older than he does in Manet's portrait. And he will certainly strain every pulse, every nerve, every fibre of his will, in the attempt to show to-morrow, at last, before the eyes of all the world, how he can rise to the greatness to which he has always felt himself equal. France will not be the same after him as it was before. He is capable of gaining great things for his country, capable also of running it into gigantic losses.'

Greater things than he ever dared to dream has he gained. He secured the unity of command, gave it to General Foch, breathed strong confidence into the war-weary nation, army, citizens, and was for the space of twelve moons all in all. Of the men who protested in Bordeaux against the incorporation of Alsace-Lorraine in the German Empire he is the sole survivor, and to-day he brings back to his country the lost provinces. After a victory which towers far above all hopes, he, who had never seemed to believe rightly in reconciliation, in a League of Nations, in a new world, has not shrunk from confessing his faith in worthier Reason. In November, 1917, he said:

'Only nations who are capable of freeing themselves can found the League of Nations. It is said in this House that Germany herself will break Prussian militarism. Unhappily, instead of breaking it, Germany makes herself its tool. If we win, we shall not be blinded by arrogance. We know the dangers of victory, how easily it leads to an abuse of strength. I am not of such a school; I stick to right. In this respect I have always been true to myself. We want our rights, and we have been compelled to assert them by force.'

On the 18th of October, the day which freed Bruges, Douai, Lille, Ostend, Roubaix and Tourcoing, he said: 'We have fought for our rights, not for the opportunity to take vengeance. From the liberation of France must arise the liberation of mankind.' After the signature of the armistice: 'Exhausted Germany had to capitulate; its internal condition was such as to leave no hope of recovery. We must speedily come to its help. Because we have waged war in defense of humanity, not against it.'

This man, ennobled by his experience of good fortune, would certainly, now after the death of militarism, be ready to further in the radiance of victory that plan of disarmament, in which King Edward found a consolation of old age, and Mr. Lloyd George a pillar of hope for financial and social reform.

This younger Celt, too, peruse him at close quarters, does not give you the impression of a man for whom the fight which breaks his opponent's ribs is the supreme pleasure. After the death of his parents, who had migrated from Wales to Manchester, he was brought up among Methodists of Kymric speech, well outside the range of England's State Church, in the Welsh county of Carnarvon, which still to-day gives him his seat in the Lower House. He it was who carried the laws which secure the workingman against the ills of age, sickness, and unemployment, and who forced the Upper House to pass the People's Budget, the true stuff of Democracy, which he explained in a speech of almost five hours. It went through although it left industry and the people's food unburdened, and only

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taxed property, income, and luxuries (among which, it is true, he counted tea). He was always a pacifist, not far removed from the Socialists — those of the sober-minded English brand — and up to the day of Agadir he was wont to speak of Germany — whose system of old-age insurance he had copied, minus the workingman's compulsory contributions — in a tone of the greatest respect. This was not even impaired by his belief that the ordinary German lived on horseflesh and nasty black bread. In every position, as President of the Board of Trade, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Minister for Munitions, Premier, he has stood high above neighbors and predecessors. The well-informed could foresee that Great Britain would not withdraw its favor at the polls from its favorite, the man of vivid temperament, who created its apparatus of war. No one could anywhere be found who loves his homeland as this man does.

'We were never more richly blessed with prosperity than in years after we resolved to care for the poor and the weak. Twelve months ago five mighty countries, Germany, France, Russia, the United States, and our own United Kingdom, groaned under a deficit. England alone has now recovered and is paying for its shipbuilding and covering other expenditure besides from its current annual revenues. What other country on earth can boast of such success? Our country, which some endeavor to intimidate by a well-organized despondency, still offers capital the safest investment.'

That is David Lloyd George, 'Practical Idealist.' The man who wants to make the poorest a strong member in the body of the State, who is saddened when he sees in the Welsh mountains a stream rushing impetuously over a precipice and then, in the valley, turning some worn and rusty mill-wheel, but never serving to bring light into the dark hovels of the poor.

. . . . . .

Such a stream, Mr. Premier, would be a fit parable of the German people, were the will, which you are supposed in this country to embody, to become the law of the world. All too long it has been just like such a stream. No one, save a man blinded with rage, can deny that the performance of this people during the war has been marvelous. Enthusiasm for a duty, devotion to a duty whose fulfillment was represented as necessary for the Fatherland, quiet accommodation to the hardships of privation; joy in self-sacrifice — there was a grandeur in this storm of will-power! And it is no vain self-admiration which prompts the question whether any other among the peoples softened by civilization would have carried for so long a stretch the dreary daily burden of such misery. Shameful, therefore despicable, calumny, is the talk which taxes the home country with having rotted and poisoned the army at the front. We were beaten in the military way; army was defeated by army; General Ludendorff by General Foch; poison gas by tank. An army nourished only on the certainty of victory, drilled only for that event, could not but flag when the hope of victory faded, when in every resting-time they witnessed the impudent indulgences on the lines of communication, and in front, in the firing line, learned to realize that no technical apparatus, neither U-boats nor heavy guns, nor long-range guns, nor poison-bombs, nor even the gigantic imposing gas-bags of Zeppelins, could effect anything permanent against the might of an Idea, a Faith. The home country did more and suffered more than was hitherto thought possible for human power, for men in the mass. But all

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their pains could not avail to bring mankind one single step forward. Dost thou still swirl, stream of national energy, down mossy slopes and precipices, dost thou still swell high in eager passion, and leap the crag to a new bed of stones, in order to turn in the valley a mill-wheel half rusted away, at least half rusted away? The question often flashes through one's head. And to-morrow must the German energy of purpose still spend itself fruitlessly, be compelled to do at the beck of the conqueror what up till yesterday appeared to the blinded people the work of its own free will? Germany, who has no longer any companion to take a share of the burden, is to 'indemnify' all the hostile peoples (except the United States); without Alsace-Lorraine, the Saar region, North Schleswig, Posen, Upper Silesia, without gold, copper, oil, oversea trade, is it to create anew by the labor of its own hands all that its enemies have lost by the war? Such a task would last for scores of years and grind no bread-corn, warm no hearth, light no home, for the people chained to its enforced labor.

Let the eye of your soul, chief man of Britain, look away from the electoral contest in whose sunshine you now stand, victor at home as over the foreign foe — let it glance back into the dust of the contest fought twelve years ago. Then Lord Milner, to-day your Minister for War, heard from a thousand throats an angry cry; that, in order to glut the greed of the mine-owners, he should allow forced labor to be imposed on the Chinese in the Transvaal, was an outrage which the free Britons' sense of honor must make good instantly. The demand for the full costs of the war would compel the Germans, a whole nation of Europeans, to undergo the lot of coolies. In shaft and smelting furnace, in the weaver's stool and at the smith's anvil, in the furrowed ploughland, the workshop, the machinery shed, the merchant's office, men would sweat, gnashing their teeth, to furnish the tribute. What Virgil says of oxen and of bees — that they draw the plough and make honey for others — would be true of a whole human nation. With a national debt of 200,000,000,000, municipalities disorganized, industrial bodies crippled, nothing but what was barely necessary for sustaining life would be left them on this little planet; everything produced over and above that would have to be given over to the foreigner. Not the patience of the most patient could submit to such a yoke for long.

I do not believe that men whose being has been tinged with Western civilization desire the enslavement of a nation; that they think, in the quietness of peace, just as our militarists thought in the turmoil of battle, when they tossed the worldly goods of Austrians, Hungarians, Bulgarians, Turks into the pans of their field-kitchens. The German who groans, saying that the throng of victors wants to murder him, to ruin his country's future, is given his answer: 'Since it was you who devised murder and destruction, you have no right to ask that we, after the huge agonies and sacrifices of a long-drawn-out defense, should take upon us in addition losses for which reparation can be made, should saddle our children and grandchildren with this heavy burden.' The murmur of complaint dies away; no gracious echo would be awakened by the trumpet tone if the Three upon the seat of judgment were indeed such as fear, the mother of hatred, paints them:

> It is our wish that Germany should turn aside from schemes of military domination and devote all her strength to the great beneficent tasks of the world.—*Lloyd George.*

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Only a diplomacy informed by a new spirit can make peace secure. He who wants to build a new house, must not use old, worn stones, antiquated rules of building. — *Clemenceau.*

Loud resounds, inaccessible only to the deaf, the cry for humanity, for the triumphant dominion of justice over all the world; and our most immediate duty appears to me to be to devote ourselves in friendship to mankind. — *Wilson.*

Die Zukunft

The Three do not dream of shutting up the German people to the bitter condition of helots. Their eyes (so it seems to me) are turned upon this people, would like to discern clearly toward what new aim its will is bent, would gladly be convinced that the German soul has changed. And their eye strains, puzzles to make out whether the stream is not still wasting its torrent force to turn the rusty wheel.

A BRITISH-COLONIAL VIEW OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

BY THE BISHOP OF NORTH QUEENSLAND

JUDGED by externals, the British Empire may appear larger, and its future better assured than it was before the war. British territory is undiminished. No Dominion has fallen away. Not one Dependency has been captured or alienated. On the contrary, the area of Empire, or rather the scope of British administration, is likely to be largely increased by the inclusion of German colonies. But when the foundations of the world are out of course it would be foolish to imagine that the British portion of the edifice of human society has not been shaken in the tempest of men's wrath. There are cracks in the masonry which need inspection and repairing, lest, haply, we be found to be unwise master builders.

During the summer of 1912 I sat in a Berlin garden listening to some Germans who, with disconcertingly intimate knowledge of the failings of the English and with obviously sincere conviction, were demonstrating to me that the British Empire had outgrown its usefulness and was tottering to its fall. They played upon the well-known theme of Treitschke, that what the British had once gained by force and fraud was now dropping out of the feeble hold of an emasculate democracy. The Dominions, they maintained, were tied to England by sentiment and wordy loyalty which would vanish into nothingness at the first strain of self-defense. The Crown Colonies and Dependencies were seething with sedition which one day would burst into open rebellion. Subsequent events have demonstrated the falsity of these jeremiads. The defensive coöperation of the many races included in the Empire is all the more wonderful when it is realized that such action was not swayed by blind ignorance, but by a genuine appreciation of the moral and political issues at stake. Whatever may be the dangers to the

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British Empire, they do not lie in the direction from whence they were expected by my acquaintances in Berlin.

The truth is, the Germans were behind the times in imperial matters. They allowed neither for development nor for the growing power of moral ideals in democracy. Perhaps the historian of the future may affirm confidently that the supreme issue in this war now waning to its close was the domination of democracy as a form of government, and if this be so, then the development of the British Empire will be regarded as the history of the movement. There has been continuous development in the Empire, but not upon identical lines, nor without periods of retrogression. At one stage it seemed as though development was likely to go quite another way. When the North American Colonies seceded from Great Britain there was no idea of a British Empire based upon freedom and acknowledging world-wide responsibilities. The immediate political effect in England of the Declaration of Independence, therefore, was not to give a salutary warning of the limitations of central authority, but to foster a deep distrust of colonial self-government. Instead of concentrating their attention upon those affairs which concerned the colonies as a whole, the English Government tried to centralize everything, great and small, in London. The paralyzing effect of this policy is almost beyond conception. Lord Durham, the great Canadian statesman, and Edward Gibbon Wakefield, the father of Australian colonization, have both drawn vivid pictures of the lamentable state of affairs. Abnormal centralization had destroyed the vigor of colonial executives, while the 'sighing rooms' in the Colonial Office wore away the hearts of those who tried to move the Home Government to a forward policy, or who sought to redress wrongs. To this abnormal centralization must be attributed most of the separationist inclinations of those times. The change came gradually through the influence of the Manchester school of politicians, who believed that in time all the colonies would follow the example of the United States and fall away from Great Britain. This misconception of the Manchester school probably misled the Germans. But as the power of self-government increased in the colonies, and as the British more fully welcomed colonial coöperation in imperial affairs so the separationist inclinations disappeared. Even Downing Street became popular when the problems of imperial administration were understood and the task of solving them was shared. If the Peace of Versailles (1783) was the beginning of the detested rule of 'Mr. Mother Country,' the first Imperial Conference marks the commencement of Britannic co-operation. This war, however, has advanced the situation still further. The imminence of the peril to their liberties in August, 1914, caused the Dominions to act with promptitude and decision. There was no question of compulsion. The presence of a common danger was in itself a revelation of the organic unity of the Empire under the new conditions of democracy. But, as the New Zealand correspondent of *The Round Table* shrewdly remarks,

> It is not impossible that a new set of circumstances may arise in the future in which the danger might not be so evident and immediate, nor the sentiment compelling to unity of action so unanimous and prompt. Should this happen . . . there is danger of sectional and local interests overshadowing the interests of the Commonwealth as a whole.*

* *The Round Table*, March, 1919, pages 411-412.

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It is this danger which gives such grave importance to those plans of the League of Nations which affect the British Empire.

A similar development has taken place in the British Empire with regard to the native races. There was little difference in the beginning between the English adventurers of Elizabethan times and the sailors of other colonizing and trading nations. John Hawkins exploited the negroes in a manner which he found more profitable than tedious bargaining for gold dust. He carried off a large number of them, 'partly by the sword and partly by other means,' and sold them as slaves to the Spanish colonists in the West Indies. Participation in the slave trade is the blackest blot upon all European intercourse with Africa, but it should be remembered that the British were the first to oppose the foul business. The formation of the philanthropic colony of Sierra Leone in 1791 was the first concrete instance of an awakening national conscience. In 1807 British slave trade was made illegal by Act of Parliament, and in 1833 slavery was abolished also throughout the Empire. From the abolition of slavery the British have traveled far along the road of freedom and justice toward the native races. Here again there has been unequal progress, and it has become necessary to make some distinction between trading interests and government action. Individual Europeans, not excepting any nation, have found methods of forcing labor almost more cruel than slavery, but the British Government, although at times they may have acted stupidly, have never since 1833 consented to the enslaving of natives, while British commercial exploitation is free from the cruel abominations which have characterized both German imperialism and German trade.

It has been the custom in certain circles to assume that there is little to choose, so far as native races are concerned, between the commercial methods of the British and the Germans. These circles seldom include those who have had the opportunity of comparing the methods, but if anyone is halting 'twixt two opinions, a comparison between the labor conditions prevailing in the Gold Coast and the adjacent German colony of the Kameruns will be most valuable. The Germans in the Kameruns worked their cocoa plantations frankly for the direct supply of raw products to Germany, and the natives were very indirectly considered. According to a recent French writer,* the effect of forced labor in the Kameruns was to increase native mortality so enormously that in one plantation in 1913 it reached the appalling figure of over twenty-six *in the hundred* for a single year. The British, on the other hand, showed the natives on the Gold Coast how to work for their own advantage, and the commercial prosperity of the colony has increased enormously in consequence. In 1891 the colony exported 80 pounds of cocoa valued at 4*l.*; in 1901, 960 tons valued at 42,825*l.*; in 1911 the export rose to 35,361 tons valued at 1,613,468*l.*† This increase was not in European-owned plantations, but was due to the work of the natives themselves in their own gardens cleared from the bush. The expenses of administration were provided by an *ad valorem* duty upon imports. The wide difference in principle will be understood at once by everyone with administrative experience, but it might surprise many members of the Labor Party Parliamentary Executive to find

* René Paux, *La question des colonies allemandes*. Attinger Frères, Paris.

† Sir Hugh Clifford, 'The Gold Coast' (*Blackwood's Magazine*, January, 1918). Also W. W. Claridge, *A History of the Gold Coast and Ashanti* (two volumes, 1915).

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that at least three of the principles enunciated in their peace proposals (Section XII: The Colonies of Tropical Africa) have been carried out in practice under existing imperial conditions in the Gold Coast. There is 'the open door and equal freedom of enterprise to the traders of all nations.' There is 'protection of the natives against exploitation and oppression and the preservation of their tribal interests,' while 'all moneys raised have been expended for the welfare and development' of the Gold Coast itself. The Gold Coast development gives point to 'The Correspondence of the Natives of the German Colonies as to Their Future Government,' a document which was laid before Parliament in November, 1918.* It also explains two letters, signed 'A Native of Aneho,' which appeared successively on the 8th of August, 1914, and on the 7th of November of the same year in *The Cape Coast Leader*. 'We do not ask for favors or for arms,' writes this African native. 'We want to be treated as men: our rulers should know that we have respect for those in our own country, and should desist in treating us as brutes.' And 'Our wishes for the British rule are based upon the fact that only under it can we rise as a nation and govern ourselves on reformed lines.'

In a previous article in this *Review*,† I testified without reserve to the courage and idealism of the British Labor Party in demanding that the welfare of the natives of the German colonies should be the first consideration of any settlement at the end of the war. At the same time I deplored their scheme for creating a huge tropical republic in Africa as being likely to deluge that continent afresh with blood. I also stated my grave doubts if any attempt to set up a 'supernational authority' with 'its own trained staff' could produce a government 'capable of maintaining freedom of commerce, right treatment of natives, and abstention from war.' A warning against the danger of being misled by good intentions and lofty ideals was surely justified by what had happened in the Belgian Congo, where the foulest treatment of any black people was ushered in by high-sounding protestations of anxiety for their moral and social welfare. The colonizing projects of the founder of the so-called Congo Free State may well have seemed at first like a holy trust to the people of Belgium. They now are an abiding witness to the dangers incidental to the government of colored races without practical experience and with indifferent knowledge.

Fortunately for the natives themselves, the wild dream of a 'single independent African State' has melted into thin air when touched by the first rays of the daylight of facts. The task of creating out of raw international materials a 'trained staff of administrators' has been postponed indefinitely. But a 'supernational authority' has emerged from the shadows of the Palace of Versailles, although for the time being it sits modestly enough in the background. The German colonies in Africa and in the Pacific are to be administered by various national authorities acting under mandates from the League of Nations. Article 19 of the Covenant, as published in the *Times* of February 15, sets forth the conditions under which the authority will exist so far as the ex-German colonies and Turkey are concerned. They are these:

> To those colonies and territories which as a consequence of the late war have ceased to be under the sovereignty of the States which formerly governed them, and

* *Cd.* 9210.

† 'The Future of the German Colonies,' October, 1917.

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which are inhabited by peoples not yet able to stand for themselves under the strenuous conditions of the modern world, there should be applied the principle that the well-being and development of such peoples form a sacred trust of civilization, and that securities for the performance of this trust should be embodied in the constitution of the league. The best method of giving practical effect to this principle is that the tutelage of such peoples should be entrusted to advanced nations who, by reason of their resources, their experience, or their geographical position, can best undertake this responsibility, and that this tutelage should be exercised by them as mandatories on behalf of the league. The character of the mandate must differ, according to the stage of development of the people, the geographical situation of the territory, its economic conditions, and other similar circumstances.

Certain communities formerly belonging to the Turkish Empire have reached a stage of development where their existence as independent nations can be provisionally recognized, subject to the rendering of administrative advice and assistance by a mandatory power. Other peoples, especially those of Central Africa, are at such a stage that the mandatory must be responsible for the administration of the territory subject to conditions which will guarantee freedom of conscience or religion, subject only to maintenance of public order and morals, the prohibition of abuses, such as the slave trade, the arms traffic, and the liquor traffic, and the prevention of the establishment of fortifications or military and naval bases, and of military training of the natives for other than police purposes and the defense of territory, and will also secure equal opportunities for the trade and commerce of other members of the league.

There are territories, such as Southwest Africa, and certain of the South Pacific Islands, which, owing to the sparseness of their population, or their small size, or their remoteness from the centres of civilization, or their geographical contiguity to the mandatory State, and other circumstances, can be best administered under the laws of the mandatory State as integral portions thereof, subject to the safeguards above mentioned in the interests of the indigenous population. In every case of mandate the mandatory State shall render to the league an annual report in reference to the territory committed to its charge. The degree of authority, control, or administration to be exercised by the mandatory State shall, if not previously agreed upon by the high contracting parties, in each case be explicitly defined by the Executive Council in a special Act or Charter. The high contracting parties further agree to establish at the seat of the league a mandatory Commission to receive and examine the annual reports of the mandatory powers and to assist the league in insuring the observance of the terms of all mandates.

The mountain has been in labor and has brought forth a mouse, but I confess I distrust the character of the mouse.

If a mandate from the League of Nations means what it appears to mean, then the verdict of experience tells against the likelihood of its success not only in Africa but in the Pacific, because it divides authority. Divided control was not a success in Samoa. In comparison, German rule, with all its harshness and injustice, was far preferable. At least it was continuous and firm. The comparison does not imply that German rule is desirable, except so far that any law is better than no law. Divided control has not been an unqualified success in the New Hebrides. Everyone who knows the Pacific knows this, and he also knows that the arrangement actively promotes misunderstandings which any time may become acute between two friendly powers concerned. To say that divided control has been avoided by the mandatory system is simply to juggle with words. And those who imagine that the old difficulties will not reappear under these new conditions know neither the capacities of the native nor the limitations of the trader. The natives of the South Sea Islands — and the same may be assumed of African natives — very quickly learn the joys of political agitation for their own ends, even when they are satisfied generally with their form of govern-

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ment. They quickly become adepts at playing off one nationality of traders against another. The traders, on the other hand, although the best of them will refrain from stirring up political trouble among the natives, seldom hesitate to pull such private political strings as may come their way. Neither natives nor traders are likely to change their methods simply because the ultimate source of divided authority masquerades under another name. On the contrary, a supernational authority will provide a wider field of intrigue, and one far from unlikely to become a battlefield of conflicting interests. To be particular, German traders in the past have never scrupled to stir up native rebellion against constituted authority which is not their own. They are not likely to refrain from political jobbery when the door of trade is opened to them, as it will be opened sooner or later.

It is assumed that a supernational authority will be an advantage to the natives. This assumption is open to grave doubt at least in the case of natives who have the opportunity of coming under direct British protection. Two positive results of long experience have been the acquirement by the British of an intimate knowledge of the native mind, and the growth of a class of administrators without parallel in the world. Mr. E. D. Morel is not a man who can be suspected of rabid imperialism, or even of preëminently British leanings, but while stating that he had in his hands proofs of almost incredible deeds of wickedness committed by Europeans in Africa, Mr. Morel declares that he has seen 'solitary British officials invested with tremendous powers, exercising these powers with a devotion, a patience, a restraint beyond all praise; living clean, utterly absorbed in their work, loving it for its own sake, splendid men.'* The influence of these solitary British administrators, and not less the just administrative British policy of the past sixty years, have been often overlooked by those who talk glibly and ignorantly about 'British satraps' and 'imperial greed.'

The traditional British ideals of native administration have seized hold of the imagination and will of the Dominions. Mr. Massey, speaking to the Press Association representative last October, declared his confidence that

> New Zealand and Australia will be able to show that they are fighting for the best interests of the native races as well as for the safety and security of the Anglo-Saxons who have already made homes in the South Pacific, and the still larger numbers who will make homes in the future.

Americans whom I have met in the Philippines have been particularly generous in their acknowledgment of both these factors in our good government of native races. Americans, however, are seized with the idea of trusteeship for native welfare also, although it is by no means certain that they believe that they are called to undertake any such office themselves. Other colonizing nations, who are sometimes more popular with the natives than the British, are not obviously accustomed to regard themselves as trustees, except perhaps of their own national interests. Frenchmen and Belgians with whom I have discussed the native question lately, in the reflected light of the League of Nations, either did not realize the development in British imperial policy, or they cynically refused to believe in its reality. Some laughed at the idea of trusteeship as chimerical, while one Belgian, with malicious humor, compared the British desire to be taken seriously upon the matter to the

*E. D. Morel, *Africa and the Peace of Europe*, 1917.

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anxiety of a reformed member of the *demi-monde* with regard to her own good fame. But will the welfare of the native be any better assured by a supernational authority whose members represent nations which have not all proceeded so far as the British have done in the path of trusteeship? No friend of the native with practical experience of the administration of other tropical colonies than the British will brush aside the question as unworthy of serious consideration.

During the past few months I have been asked repeatedly in France, in England, and even in Germany, whether Australia is not satisfied with the mandatory principle, the assumption being that Australia is satisfied. In every case I have replied that I have no right to speak authoritatively for the Commonwealth, but that it would be unwise to assume unqualified satisfaction. As a matter of fact, the principle will raise grave administrative difficulties. Australia already governs Papua, which is the official title of the Southwest side of New Guinea. Papua is as completely under Commonwealth control as is the Northern Territory. Australian laws run there, including native labor ordinances, which provide for labor being completely voluntary, and which insure to the native just treatment, good food, and satisfactory remuneration. These ordinances, if not all framed by a Labor government, are at least administered under their eyes. This fact gives point to the official statement that actual ill-treatment of native employees in Australian New Guinea is non-existent. The conditions of labor in Kaiser Wilhelm Land, on the other hand, are likely to differ widely from those prevailing in British territory, although the worst German features have disappeared under Australian administration since the successful issue of the combined naval and military campaign. German laws are in force in Kaiser Wilhelm Land, so I understand, and they are likely to continue in force if the wishes of the inhabitants, who are mostly German planters, are consulted. The practical inconvenience of two systems of law existing permanently in contiguous territories administered by one authority is obvious. The Covenant of the League on its face provides against this difficulty by specifically stating that certain of the South Pacific Islands can be best administered 'under the laws of the mandatory State as integral portions thereof.' If this is to be taken literally, why have any mandate at all? But if the laws of Australia are to be administered, what will become of the policy of the open door? What will the League of Nations, for instance, have to say to the Australian tariff, or to the navigation enactments, or to the Alien Immigration Act? In short, the situation raised by the mandate, even if it implies the most modified restrictions upon freedom of action, bristles with administrative difficulties.

Another set of difficulties centres in ways and means. Papua has always been to the Commonwealth a costly experiment which so far has not been justified either by the numbers of white settlers or by the export of raw products. It would not be fair to take figures compiled during the war, but in the statistical year 1913-14 the white population of Papua was 1186; the value of exports and imports was, respectively, 123,140*l.* and 212,134*l.*; the excess of expenditure over revenue was 32,391*l.* The Commonwealth legislature have grumbled at times at the cost of Papua, but they have paid because they have felt that the natives have a claim upon them. Probably they would include the natives of Kaiser Wilhelm Land with those of

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Papua, were their dependence upon Australia made absolute. But what answer will be given when the question is asked in the Senate or in the House of Representatives why Australia should pay all the cost of administering Southeast Papua, when other members of the League of Nations share the advantage but not the cost? Or what attitude will be taken up in the same legislative assemblies after the high Mandatory Commission has received in Paris the annual report of the management of Southeast Papua, when it has been examined, say, by a Dutchman or a Swede, and an adverse comment has been made upon the money expended by the Commonwealth, on the complaint of a San Francisco trader that the bad state of the wharves is a discrimination against American trade? This is not an attempt at a *reductio ad absurdum*, it is a statement of possible contingencies. The dangerous assumption behind Article 19 is that the balance of cash advantage is with the nation who administers any native colony. This has seldom been the case, even with the German colonies under German administration, but the Germans had other fish to fry which made them ready to foot the bill. It has been argued in certain quarters that the League of Nations should pay the adverse balance of expenses directly, but is this practicable? Where can they find their revenue? Is taxation proposed? Australia has not yet admitted the principle of allowing taxation within the Commonwealth for imperial administrative needs, that is, by any imperial body partially if not altogether outside the Commonwealth, and it will be unsafe to assume that any similar right will be delegated to the League of Nations. It would take the international police all their time to make Australians pay in the way of taxation anything which they did not intend to pay. Sanguine theorists may seek to ridicule the question of ways and means as unworthy of the great ideal of the League of Nations, but, as every man who knows Australia is well aware, it is no laughing matter. Moreover similar conditions are likely to prevail in South Africa and in New Zealand, for they, like Australia, come under the mandatory system.

Another set of problems raised by the League of Nations is with regard to the foreign policy of the Empire. Again, Australia provides an instance in point. For a long time Australians have been claiming with growing insistence that they must be consulted in the foreign policy of the Empire, as a whole, and particularly when this policy affects the peace of the Pacific. The resentment felt by the failure of the Foreign Office to uphold the policy of Sir Thomas MacIlwraith in 1883 with regard to New Guinea was based upon far more than wounded *amour propre*. The subsequent cession to Germany of Kaiser Wilhelm Land and the Bismarck Archipelago was an active stimulus to the formation of the Commonwealth. It was impossible to insist upon State autonomy when the safety of Australia had been put in jeopardy by the installation in its immediate neighborhood of a power pursuing schemes of national advancement which were, to say the least, obscure. The purchase by Germany of the Marshall and Caroline Islands, and the subsequent trade tactics which once almost precipitated war, have confirmed the Australians in their determination to be consulted by the Home Government in matters concerning the future of the Pacific.* Here

*Those who wish to understand the progress of international complications in the Pacific cannot do better than consult a valuable book by Mr. C. Brunsdon Fletcher, of the Sydney *Morning Herald*, entitled *The New Pacific* (Macmillan).

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again matters have gone far since the war. Very little has appeared in the daily press with regard to the decision made at the Peace Conference that Japan should receive, also under mandatory authority, the control of the Marshall and Caroline Islands, but Australian trade interests will certainly be affected. And what will Australians think of the statement made in Paris by the Japanese representatives that England had arranged for the transfer of these islands by *a secret treaty* with Japan? There are no more whole-hearted believers in the British Empire than Australians, but there are none who dislike secret treaties more. This dislike will be accentuated if it is thought, rightly or wrongly, that the British Government kept the Australians in ignorance of plans which affect their interests in the Pacific. Any objection to handing over the Marshall and Caroline Islands, in which Australian trade is concerned, is a small thing compared with the danger of the loss of confidence between the constituent parts of the Empire. If, therefore, the question of the 'secret treaty' could be satisfactorily explained by some responsible authority, it would be a great relief to many more than the Australians.

It is one thing for a British Dominion to ask for a share in the foreign policy of the Empire through the channel of the Foreign Office. It is quite another thing for that Dominion to accept partial direction and partial control from an authority outside the Empire. It is one thing to claim to be a nation in the British Commonwealth of nations, and another thing to receive a mandate from the League of Nations, as though such nationality implied a corporate existence outside the Empire. By a confusion of thought or terminology, the mandatory idea appears to have created an *imperium in imperio* with dangerous contingencies. The constitutional question is raised by the demand that the 'degree of authority, control, or administration to be exercised by the mandatory State'—and it must be remembered that *the context makes it quite plain that this proviso is intended definitely for the British Dominions* —'shall, if not previously agreed upon by the high contracting parties, in each case be explicitly defined by the Executive Council in a special Act or Charter.' Who is the high contracting party with which the League of Nations will make an agreement? The vagueness in itself is a danger, and there is no reason to believe that the intimate relationship between the Dominions and the Empire as a whole has been even considered. In a sense the constitutional question raised is a legal one. It may be held by lawyers that mandates to the Dominions as separate national entities — South Africa and New Zealand are in the same position as Australia — are subject to the inherent rights of the Crown, and must be interpreted by these rights. But in days like these, when crowns and laws are in the melting pot, it is dangerous to overlook the fact that, loyal as the Dominions are to the Crown, their allegiance cannot be forced by a legal process. It is based upon good will. Moreover, in practice the admission of a wrong constitutional theory is more dangerous to the future of the Empire than is direct propaganda of disunion.

A very important question has been raised by Sir Richard Jebb,* who shares in the belief that it is intended that the self-governing Dominions of the British Empire shall sign the league as separate States. He quotes Article 21 of the Peace League Covenant, which provides for 'equitable treatment for the commerce of the

*The *Morning Post*, March 24, page 10.

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States members of the league,' and he asks if this will preclude the group of separate signatories, who form the British Commonwealth of nations, having a preferential tariff among themselves. He adds that the point probably would be raised under Article 11, which gives all members of the league the 'friendly right' of bringing complaints about each other for the league to deal with. Some Free Traders in England might be inclined to welcome this proviso, but the Dominions are not Free Traders, and it is just possible that Canada might desire some tariff arrangement with New Zealand, or Australia with South Africa, without reference to the Old Country. It would certainly not add to the stability of the Empire if Free Traders in England should do anything that would hamper the preferential freedom of the self-governing Dominions. Indeed, the issues raised by the draft Covenant are so complex and so serious that they demand far more consideration than could possibly have been given them so far. To make even a general consent to the League of Nations a condition of peace is almost criminal in its unwisdom.

It would be futile to imagine that all who are concerned with the formation of the League of Nations are friends of the British Empire. They may neither side with Germany nor be planning our undoing, but none the less they do not consider themselves as custodians of our imperial foundations or superstructure. On the other hand, there are some who believe that the British Empire will gain, in some unexplained fashion, by the mandatory system. No greater mistake could be made. And even if the British were to gain much, they would lose far more, and the whole world would share their loss, if it meant purchasing a cumbrous political machine at the cost of the new-born spirit of unity and trust which has sprung up between America and the Allies — an ethical kinship which may yet prove to be the best positive product of the war.

The main difference between the League of Nations and the British Empire is that one is a theoretical venture, the other has the right to claim experimental value; the one plans from the circumference, the other works from the centre. The League of Nations is a glorious dream, but the British Empire is a solid reality. However drab in comparison with dreamland the British Empire may appear, it exists upon this much-enduring, blood-stained earth as a preliminary sketch of what the whole world can become, that is, a community of all varieties of the human race bound together by ties light as air but strong as iron. The ink upon the charter of the League of Nations is barely dry, and already the draft may be penciled over with innumerable amendments. The constitution of the British Empire has not yet been written. It is in the heart of the people — the same people who have shown their willingness to die for the Empire but who, it is complained, refuse even to be interested in the League of Nations. The British Empire is the product of gradual development and of three hundred years of practical experience. It has neither outgrown its usefulness nor is it tottering to its fall. It is by far the largest and most extensive part of the edifice of human society. And no greater world disaster could be conceived than that the fabric of the Empire should be undermined in order to make room for an ambitious but imperfectly thought-out scheme for building a Palace of Peace, which may turn out to be only another castle in Spain.

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SOME TREASURED BOOKS OF AN ENGLISH SOLDIER

BY ORLO WILLIAMS

It would be ungrateful on my part to leave the army, saying cheery and complimentary good-byes to my brother officers, and to say no word to those dumb friends who did more than anything to make my service tolerable. True, I do not say good-bye to *all* the books whose kindly offices I now celebrate, but many of them were unavoidably left in foreign parts, others, perhaps, I shall never read again, and others are but shabby duplicates of older and more stately friends who will greet me when I return — oh, joyous day! — to my own bookshelves.

So I feel that this is a fitting occasion for the rendering of thanks to all those books which, by beguiling my many hours of tedium and by reminding me of things more beautiful than war, preserved from insanity what little mind I have. I would address them, if I could, in the sonorous periods of Sir Thomas More or with the golden music of Sir Philip Sidney. I would crown them with choice flowers of speech were there any growing in my allotment. But I can neither crown them nor drink a last cup with them; I can but remember them, as bygone benefactors are remembered in a college bidding prayer, recalling to each the occasion when he slaked my thirsty lips. No hart desireth the water brooks more fiercely than a soldier on active service panted for literature. In an Eastern theatre, above all, where there was little relief from the daily round, literature was the one blessed anodyne.

I had never known before what it was to be absolutely ravenous for reading, but ravenous is the only word to describe the intensity with which I longed for that heavenly break between lunch and return to the office, when one shut out the world in one's own tent, and sailed away in one's Roorki chair far, far away from the loathed scene, the sun, and even the flies.

It would be impossible, however, to name all the books that brought me solace during three years of service abroad, and there are many of a lighter nature which must accept a general expression of gratitude. The worst of lighter books was that they were so soon finished. They were devoured greedily without Mr. Gladstone's legendary thirty bites for each mouthful, much in the way that the *Manchester Guardian*, *Blackwood's*, and the *New Statesman* were devoured when the mail turned up. One took *Greenmantle* and *The Thirty-nine Steps* perforce in installments, but when a kind friend sent out that admirable detective story *Blind Man's Eyes*, it hardly lasted the leisure of two days. These stories, and many others of long-forgotten names, furnished a grateful bite and a sup, but it is the solider and less evanescent reflections which remain in the memory. There were no terrors in sitting down to a good literary square meal in those days, when there was no pressing multiplicity of new books, monthly reviews, concerts, and theatres to compete for scanty leisure. Rather was there a bland satisfaction in first opening a really long and solid work, since it gave a prospect of mental repletion for weeks to come, varied by occasional lighter side dishes. There was no hurry about reading, no agonized anxiety lest there would never be time to reach the end, for life stretched ahead of one in a dreary eternity of weeks, as featureless as the Sinai Desert. Then, if ever, was the chance to read or re-read certain books which had long been noted under the head of 'things to be done.'

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In this spirit I made again the acquaintance of Thucydides, who kept me going many weeks of the Dardanelles campaign, amazed at the modernity of his outlook and the extraordinary political insight reflected in his set speeches. Again and again an exclamation was forced to one's lips by an expression particularly apt to the conditions of 1915. That wonderful chapter of condensed acumen, for instance, in which he shows that the general political feature of States determined their sympathies in the direction of Athens or Sparta, as the case might be, could have been applied with hardly a word changed to the factors which determined the sympathies of nations in 1915 toward the Allies or the Central Powers. It was impossible not to leave Thucydides with the conviction that he is unsurpassed among political historians, and that, in particular, the funeral oration of Pericles is the supreme tribute to the fallen soldiers of a free State for all time, leaving nothing to be said, no emotion unexplored, and no grace of expression to be added. The peculiar applicability to our own expedition of the account of the Athenian expedition against Syracuse was happily hidden from me till later.

Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*, which had been on my waiting list for years, came to me at a time when its gallant pages were peculiarly welcome. This book will always be associated for me with broiling August days spent prostrate in a single-fly tent on Imbros, with nothing more solid to put inside my plagued internals but a cup of warm milk and a biscuit every four hours. Many other books must have been consumed during those dreary days, when one longed for nothing but the cool of sunset, but Prescott was the main sustenance and amply fed me. An exceptionally hot summer the following year in Egypt, when the thermometer at Ismailia stood daily at an average of 108 degrees in the shade, will always be associated in my mind with efforts to follow the arguments of St. Paul in his very human letters to the churches. Stretched on my bed without a stitch of clothing, I struggled partly with sleep, partly with the elliptical workings of the Apostle's mind, till the hour of half-past two recalled me to clothes and duty. The historical books of the Old Testament were reserved for the following year when our real advance into Palestine was preparing, and our heads were full of the map of the country. To read Judges and Kings, knowing by then the look of an Eastern village and its people, and having the roads and passes clear in one's head, was an inestimable privilege. The history of the Jewish conquest — obviously a very partial one — at once became luminous and the vivid incidents of that picturesque record stood out in their true colors. No fighting force, save possibly Cromwell's Ironsides, can ever have known its Old Testament so well as Allenby's, and most of them will have a far closer grasp of the vicissitudes of the two Jewish kingdoms than their own parson in the village pulpit. One more memory of the Old Testament. On a chilly afternoon in December I was sitting, wrapped in an overcoat, as staff officer on duty, in the draughty wooden hut at Um el Kelab, reading the Book of Job, when a telegram was put into my hand asking if I could be spared for duty at home. Never was the patience of Job more unexpectedly rewarded.

The Book of Job brings me to poetry, and it is to poetry that an apostrophe as eloquent as that of De Quincey to opium should be indited. Of all the poets Shakespeare in three pocket volumes was the most steadfast

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comrade. When all other books had run out and mails were late or sunk, he never failed me; he cheered depression and made temporary contentment more contented. I lost the tragedies comparatively early, for Sir Ian Hamilton borrowed my copy one morning to look up the passage, 'Oh, who can minister to a mind diseased' — he was always fond of quotation — and he did me the honor of taking the book home with him. So the disquisitions of Hamlet and the adjurations of Lady Macbeth were lost to me. But the histories and the comedies were enough. Whenever life seemed more than usually black, the books practically opened themselves at the Falstaffian gayeties in *Henry IV*, the jovialities of Sir Toby, the inexhaustible magic of *The Tempest*, or the gossamer comedy of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, with its rich memories of the last Granville Barker production. After a time, these two little volumes lived permanently on my office table to while away any unbearable quarter of an hour which would otherwise have been spent in the fruitless contemplation of a bare six-foot table and a field telephone. Shakespeare is, undoubtedly, my choice for a desert island, where, when all else failed, I could make shift to translate him to the aborigines, possibly with better success than I translated King Henry's speech before Agincourt to the Italian Military Attaché who kindly took me for his guide in English literature. I introduced him to Lamb, however, for which he ought to be properly grateful. Lamb's essays failed me personally in war; they were too familiar; but the 'Everyman' edition of his letters picked up in Cairo deserves my warmest gratitude. The true Elian, I believe, finds a more esoteric pleasure in the letters than in the essays, for their greater spontaneity and gayety.

'Everyman' also gave me Milton. I am not ashamed to say that the fact of having been compelled to write out the first book of *Paradise Lost* during one holiday had entirely prevented my reading Milton's poetry. For such things are foolish schoolmasters responsible. What turned me to Milton was a *Times* broadsheet — the only successful one that I remember. One extraordinarily gloomy day in the Dardanelles, when everything was going ill, and the prospects for the Allies were at their darkest, my mail brought me a broadsheet containing the chorus from *Samson Agonistes*.

> Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving
> To the spirits of just men long oppressed,
> When God into the hands of their deliverer
> Puts invincible might. . . .

It was as if somebody had turned up the lights. The delight was almost wholly æsthetic: the wonderful rhythm, the exquisiteness of 'comely' and 'reviving,' lifted the heart right out of its broodings and gladdened the day. It was not till many months later that I procured a Milton, but he stood by me well in the spring of 1916. Rising at six in my little cubicle in the French hospital on the bank of the Suez Canal — then General Headquarters — I brewed a cup of milkless tea, and sat for an hour over *Paradise Lost*. Poetry never tasted so sweet as in that first hour of the morning when the brain was fresh and not bemused by the thousand tiresome happenings of the day. Milton's lines rang out like a trumpet at dawn, and never again, I know, shall I recapture the intensity of that first enchantment.

When I returned from leave that year, Homer came with me in the thin-paper edition of the Clarendon Press. Dutifully I tackled the *Iliad* first, and found a certain added interest in having been familiar with its very scene; but before long my old

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antipathy to its endless single combats overcame me, and I hastily turned over the pages till I came to 'Andra moi ennepe,' the gateway into that incomparably beautiful romance which kindles all the human emotions like a gentle beam turned on a crystal, and, regularly, at the recognition, steals much moisture from my eye. Odysseus is the only real human among the heroes of Greek mythology, and Penelope, that exquisite figure, shows that Homer knew almost better than we do how to render the spiritual graces which make a very charming lady.

And so, with a nod to the trusty *Golden Treasury*, we reach the long ranks of the novels. Of many — notably some trifling French ones — both the names and contents are forgotten, though I shall not forget the gallant *Capitaine Fracasse*, Gautier's late redemption of a promise made in his Bousingoterie, who carried me over some siestas in Cairo, nor Lavengro and the Flaming Tinker, who journeyed with me to Palestine, nor the Admirable Bashville and Mr. Britling who kept me company at different times. Bashville struck me, certainly, as far more admirable than Britling. Then there was a parent of mine who, always regretting my insensibility to Scott, sent *The Antiquary*, *Old Mortality*, and *Redgauntlet* to beguile me. Beguile me they did at Ismailia, where they formed a lighter accompaniment to St. Paul's Epistles. Of course, Scott's young men and young women are dreadful sticks, but I disclaim all imputation of insensibility to the racy vigor of Old Mortality, Meg Merrilies, Edie Ochiltree, or any other of the truly Scottish characters, whose hearty passages contrast very strongly with the insipid love-making of the heroes and heroines. At one time or another I got through to the bitter end of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, churchyard and all, but it did not prove so entertaining as a second acquaintance with *Pendennis*, with all its quaint sententious proprieties, and its picture of mid-nineteenth-century life about London. One sees where George Du Maurier got the tradition of sentimentalism which is so appallingly disfiguring to *Trilby*. Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë* — enthralling book — led me again to *Wuthering Heights*. No amount of ferreting psychology will ever explain that sudden incandescence of a genius so lamentably wasted by Providence.

I would spend some epithets upon the gorgeous completeness of *Monte Cristo*, but that a curious memory of war and literature mixed is more imperative. In the summer of 1915 Compton Mackenzie made a sensational appearance among us, which began with the shipwreck of a launch upon the island of Imbros. It will be for him to tell the world of his romantic career as an intelligence officer which ended like a full-blooded cinema reel in Athens: I am only concerned here to record the arrival at G.H.Q. of the proofs of his novel *Guy and Pauline*. Straightway the General Staff mess was changed into a symposium of literary critics, mostly enthusiastic, which earned the Commander-in-Chief and the rest of us the dedication. It was a bright little episode, and the spectacle of the military mind up against the rather luscious artistry of that pastoral had its amusing side. But what a pang it brought to a mind that was only masked in khaki! To be reminded of books and proof-sheets, of the Windrush washing Burford's green hem, of jolly thoughts and jolly things before the war weakened the knees terribly, as my knees were weakened once again when, on a Sunday evening, the New Zealanders' band played

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'Gold and Silver' by the banks of the Suez Canal, and I, recalling a distant Eights Week, buried my face in my hands.

The New Statesman

NEW IDEAS IN ARTS AND CRAFTS

AMONG the immense fermenting desires felt, often obscurely, but more or less passionately, for 'a better world' which are rising all round us in this time of vast change and solution — this time when the old crust of things is cracked and broken by volcanic explosions, and the moment of undreamed of possibility is instinctively grasped at — the desire to take arms against the mean ugliness of life also claims expression. We look back over the century that began with Waterloo; and we see a gradual blight, a paralyzed inertness creeping over our towns and dwellings, as if those who built houses for men and women to live in, and made furniture for them to use, and plates to eat from, and cups to drink out of, had lost all interest in these things and continued to produce them in a sort of dull stupor, a half-awake condition, so that the things they produced were like dead things, cut off from the circulating lifeblood which in a healthy state communicates a human relation to everything of humblest use. The Industrial Age; the age of commerce! It was accepted as a fatality. Much prosperity benumbed the senses; seemed itself the compensation ordained for what counted with most for an inessential loss. Yet revolt came; a leaven began to work. Who can measure what intensity of fervor was poured into that revolt by the minds working, isolated or in little groups, about the middle of last century? What immense hopes for the regeneration of English craftsmanship went to the founding of South Kensington Museum! As we wander to-day through those galleries, and admire the magnificent collections, we are apt to forget that the real object of the museum was to provide examples of beautiful design from the arts of all countries by the study of which the English student might bring back beauty into his own country's arts. If we ask dispassionately whether the museum has fulfilled its object, it is to be feared that we must answer 'No.' It has had some influence, some effect, but nothing at all proportionate to what it was hoped might be done in the way of getting the artist and the manufacturer into a living and effective relation with one another. That was the time when the Middle Ages, with their guilds of flourishing crafts and all their wealth of spontaneous design in every material, were looked back to with a passionate nostalgia. We had the Gothic Revival in architecture; we had the Pre-Raphaelite movement, out of which came in time the Arts and Crafts movement, still alive and active. And in certain ways, and within certain limits, there has been immense improvement. The houses of people of some means are far better designed and furnished than they were a generation or two ago. But in the matter of cheap and common things, whether it be houses, furniture, or utensils, as in the larger matter of town planning for the masses of the people, how little there is that shows healthy taste, or thought, or even common sense, and how little we seem to feel the injury to our national self-respect! All is left to the manufacturer and the commercial builder, who give what they say 'the public wants.' But really the public has no articulate wants; it takes the bad because it is used to it and has no means of knowing anything better. It would

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take the good with equal cheerfulness; with greater, because what is well designed is better adapted for use and more serviceable. There is a vast amount of humbug talked by the typical middleman, glad to bolster his own mental inertia with a specious appeal to experienced worldly wisdom. The lamentable state of the theatre in this country at the moment is an instance in point. The contempt for their audience on the part of the managers is unlimited. And yet in the base camps in France Greek tragedies in Mr. Murray's translations are drawing delighted audiences of soldiers. Imagine what a London manager would say to such a mad adventure! Those who have lectured to the soldiers at the base camps all say the same: to try them high is to win them, to play down to them is disaster. We need more faith in our own people.

In a book, which came out the other day, *Fields and Battlefields*, by a sergeant in the R.A.M.C. — a book which interprets the British soldier with exceptional insight and sympathy — there is a description of a little French town which is apposite and worth remembering:

> The little city had been built when men still took joy in the forms they created, and the harmony of these forms with the forms of Nature around them was not due to a trick of moonlight, but was unanswerable in the full light of day. And this harmony was not the work of one great mind, artist's or architect's, but the work of numerous common minds who had here made plans, raised scaffolds, baked bricks, learned the angles of roofs from the weight of tiles, the height of towers from the strength of masonry, learned to correct and to improve through the generations, learned above all to omit the ugly and increase the harmonious. Neither was the *result* that of the inspiration of a single genius, but of the continual discrimination of lesser minds; but the result was good. What beauty, therefore, must lie in the common minds of men.

That is a true saying. But how to liberate that beauty and make it active? How bring back the joy in making, which is so fundamentally human? Hitherto we have turned too fondly to the past; and the movements of revolt against the paralysis of ugliness have been too much in the character of forlorn hopes, desperate assaults against impregnable powers. The machine was cursed as the cause of all the evil; and we have turned our backs on the machine. But the machine is here, and has come to stay. It is idle to rebel: we must use the machine. After all, it can be put to good uses, just as well as bad. And its use comes in just where we want it most, in the production of cheap and common things which everyone must use. The craft of printing, in which the regenerative efforts of Morris and his followers have indirectly had immense effect, not only in England but all over Europe, is an eloquent case in point. The realization of this necessity has begun to permeate the most far-sighted workers and teachers of arts and crafts, and is giving a new vitality to the movement. Symptomatic of this new attitude was an address given recently to the Women's Institute by Mr. S. B. Caulfield, the architect. Mr. Caulfield pointed out that the Arts and Crafts movement, which William Morris had started with so splendid a grasp of first principles, lost an opportunity when it set itself against machinery. The machine had been allowed to become the master in its own sphere; with the result that the tendency in commercial production is to turn even hand work into an imitation of machine work. Our craftsmen must study machinery, not wash their hands of it, must use it, not disdain it; because, unless they are merely to touch the fringe, things must be cheap for the immense public that has but a small

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price to give. The designing of the commonest things of use — pots and pans and crockery and fire-irons — has been left to men without training or gift for design, and a meaningless ornate ugliness is the result. We repeat, the well-designed thing is the simplest, most sensible, and most serviceable. Every Englishman recognizes, in the matter of sports and games, that the artist is the man who does things supremely well, without expenditure of useless effort. 'A real artist' is everyone's spontaneous tribute of supreme praise for the cricketer or the billiard player. We want English people to recognize art in every kind of production, in the same way, as a natural need and pleasure, an exhilaration we have a right to claim from our surroundings. Many people talk of these things as desirable; but now is a time for doing as well as talking. And Mr. Caulfield, in his address, had a practical scheme to propound. It is the war that has made the opportunity. 'Thousands went out machines, and came back men.' They have come back dissatisfied with the dehumanizing conditions of modern manufactory; they want to have some interest and pleasure in production. Mr. Caulfield's proposal is to have a permanent exhibition in London, not merely of finished things, but of active workshops open to the public; and to train a few hundred returned soldiers and sailors — to begin with — in these exhibition workshops. By such training they would acquire an interest in their work and a love for it. Machinery would be used both to do the dull work, and to make things cheap; and the men who worked the machines should be the designers. That is a notable and original feature of the scheme. In order to design for the machine, it is necessary to know it thoroughly, to know what it can do best and what are its limitations; to use it as a servant and not let it be the master.

The vast scheme of housing which is to give us a million new cottages all over England during the next few years, is going to affect the whole face of the country: and all these cottages will want furnishing. Now is the moment for everyone who cares about our self-respect as a nation, who thinks it shame that inertia and commercial rapacity should combine to reproduce the old waste, the old inhuman dullness, the senseless ugliness that we have tolerated so long, to be up and doing. Now is the moment not only for speaking out, but for forethought, energy, and effort. Mr. Caulfield's scheme is a practical one: once started, it might spread far and wide. It needs financial backing; and we hope someone who has the means — no vast resources are required — will be found to back it. If large sums can always be found for the mending of bodies in hospitals, cannot a comparatively small sum be found for a work like this, which makes for health of mind as well as body, which has for its object the greatest need of modern industrial life — the humanization of labor?

The Saturday Review

THE WISDOM OF ANATOLE FRANCE*

BY J. MIDDLETON MURRY

How few are the wise writers who remain to us! They are so few that it seems, at moments, that wisdom, like justice of old, is withdrawing from the world, and that when their fullness of years is accomplished, as, alas! it soon must be, the wise men who will leave us will have been the last of their kind. It is true that something akin to wisdom, or rather a quality whose

*Le Petit Pierre. By Anatole France, Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 4 francs (75 cents).

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outward resemblance to wisdom can deceive all but the elect, will emerge from the ruins of war; but true wisdom is not created out of the catastrophic shock of disillusionment. An unexpected disaster is always held to be in some sort undeserved. Yet the impulse to rail at destiny, be it never so human, is not wise. Wisdom is not bitter; at worst it is bitter-sweet, and bitter-sweet is the most subtle and lingering savor of all.

Let us not say, in our haste, that without wisdom we are lost. Wisdom is, after all, but one attitude to life among many. It happens to be the one which will stand the hardest wear, because it is prepared for all ill-usage. But hard wear is not the only purpose which an attitude may serve. We may demand of an attitude that it should enable us to exact the utmost from ourselves. To refuse to accommodate one's self to the angularities of life or to make provision beforehand for its catastrophes is, indeed, folly; but it may be a divine folly. It is, at all events, a folly to which poets incline. But poets are not wise; indeed, the poetry of true wisdom is a creation which can, at the best, be but dimly imagined. Perhaps, of them all, Lucretius had the largest inkling of what such poetry might be; but he disqualified himself by an aptitude for ecstasy, which made his poetry superb and his wisdom of no account. To acquiesce is wise; to be ecstatic in acquiescence is not to have acquiesced at all. It is to have identified one's self with an imagined power against whose manifestations, in those moments when no ecstasy remains, one rebels. It is a megalomania, a sublime self-deception, a heroic attempt to project the soul on to the side of destiny, and to believe ourselves the masters of those very powers which have overwhelmed us.

Whether the present generation will produce great poetry, we do not know. We are tolerably certain that it will not produce wise men. It is too conscious of defeat and too embittered to be wise. Some may seek that ecstasy of seeming acquiescence of which we have spoken; others, who do not endeavor to escape the pain by plunging the barb deeper, may try to shake the dust of life from off their feet. Neither will be wise. But precisely because they are not wise, they will seek the company of wise men. Their own attitude will not wear. The ecstasy will fail, the will to renunciation falter; the gray reality which permits no one to escape it altogether will filter like a mist into the vision and the cell. Then they will turn to the wise men. They will find comfort in the smile to which they could not frame their own lips, and discover in it more sympathy than they could hope for.

Among the wise men whom they will surely most frequent will be Anatole France. His company is constant; his attitude durable. There is no undertone of anguish in his work like that which gives such poignant and haunting beauty to Tchehov. He has never suffered himself to be so involved in life as to be maimed by it. But the price he has paid for his safety has been a renunciation of experience. Only by being involved in life, perhaps only by being maimed by it, could he have gained that bitterness of knowledge which is the enemy of wisdom. Not that Anatole France made a deliberate renunciation: no man of his humanity would of his own will turn aside. It was instinct which guided him into a sequestered path, which ran equably by the side of the road of alternate exaltation and catastrophe which other men of equal genius must travel. Therefore, he has seen men as it were in profile against the sky, but never face to face. Their run-

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nings, their stumblings, and their gesticulations are a tumultuous portion of the landscape rather than symbols of an intimate and personal possibility. They lend a baroque enchantment to the scene.

So it is that in all the characters of Anatole France's work which are not closely modeled upon his own idiosyncrasy there is something of the marionette. They are not the less charming for that; nor do they lack a certain logic, but it is not the logic of personality. They are embodied comments upon life, but they do not live. And there is for Anatole France, while he creates them, and for us, while we read about them, no reason why they should live. For living, in the accepted sense, is an activity impossible without indulging many illusions; and fervently to sympathize with characters engaged in the activity demands that their author should participate in the illusions. He, too, must be surprised at the disaster which he has himself proved inevitable. It is not enough that he should pity them; he must share in their effort, and be discomfited at their discomfiture.

Such exercises of the soul are impossible to a real acquiescence, which cannot even permit itself the inspiration of the final illusion that the wreck of human hopes, being ordained, is beautiful. The man who acquiesces is condemned to stand apart and contemplate a puppet-show with which he can never really sympathize.

Of all definitions of *man*, the worst seems to me that definition which makes him a reasonable animal. I do not boast in putting myself forward as one gifted with a keener faculty of reason than most of the fellows whom he has seen or whose history he knows. Reason dwells but rarely in common minds; rarer still in the brains of great spirits. I call him reasonable who accords his individual reason with the universal mind in such a manner that he is never surprised at what happens, and is able to accommodate himself well enough to all things; I call him reasonable who, on observing the disorder of nature and human folly, does not insist on seeing there order and wisdom; I call him reasonable who struggles not so to be.

The chasm between living and-being wise (which is to be *raisonnable*) is manifest. The condition of living is to be perpetually surprised, incessantly indignant or exultant, at what happens. To bridge the chasm there is for the wise man only one way. He must cast back in his memory to the time when he, too, was surprised and indignant. No man is, after all, born wise, though he may be born with an instinct for wisdom. Thus Anatole France touches us most nearly when he describes his childhood. The innocent, wayward, positive, romantic little Pierre Nozière is a human being to a degree to which no other figures in the master's comedy of unreason are. And it is evident that Anatole France himself finds him by far the most attractive of them all. He can almost persuade himself, at moments, that he still is the child he was, as in the exquisite story of how, when he had been to a truly royal chocolate shop, he attempted to reproduce its splendors in play. At one point his invention and his memory failed him, and he turned to his mother to ask: 'Est-ce celui qui vend ou celui qui achète qui donne de l'argent?'

I was never to know the cost of money. Such was I at three years and a half in the little room decorated with rosebuds, even so shall I be in old age, that age which lies lightly on my shoulders even as it does on all souls exempt from avarice and pride. No, my mother, I have never known the cost of money. I do not yet know it, or better, I know it too well.

To know a thing too well is by worlds removed from not to know it at all, and Anatole France does not elsewhere

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similarly attempt to indulge the illusion of unbroken innocence. He who refused to put a mark of interrogation after 'What is God,' in defiance of his mother, because he knew, now has to restrain himself from putting one after everything he writes or thinks. 'Ma pauvre mère, si elle vivait, me dirait peut-être que maintenant j'en mets trop.' Yes, Anatole France is wise, and far removed from childish follies. And, perhaps, it is precisely because of his wisdom that he can so exactly discern the enchantment of his childhood. So few men grow up. The majority remain hobbledehoys throughout life; all the disabilities and none of the unique capacities of childhood remain. There are a few who, in spite of all experience, retain both; they are the poets and the *grands esprits*. There are fewer still who learn utterly to renounce childish things; and they are the wise men.

I am quite another person from the child of whom I speak. We have no longer neither an atom of substance nor thought in common. Now that he has become a stranger to me, I can amuse myself in his company. I love him, I who neither love myself nor hate myself. It is sweet to live in thought the days which he lived and it is painful to me to breathe the air of to-day.

Not otherwise is it with us and Anatole France. We may have little in common with his thought — the community we often imagine comes of self-deception — but it is sweet for us to inhabit his mind for a while. His touch is potent to soothe our fitful fevers.

The Athenaeum

MR. SHAW AND THE PEACE*

This time last year many of us hardly dared to look at the morning paper, fearing to see a *communiqué* worse than that of the day before. Usually it was worse. After the enemy had actually captured Bailleul, a gloomy group met in Fleet Street by chance, and considered the worst. We asked one who had not spoken what he thought. 'I think the enemy has got his head in the noose at last,' he said. It was not a good joke. We laughed bitterly. After the others had gone, this reviewer, knowing that the daring prophet had not spoken without some reason, demanded his evidence. He had seen much of the war, was a careful student of clues, and had shown he could be so far ahead of general emotions that his writings were quite unacceptable to newspapers whose readers, according to the best editorial opinion, were supposed to do well on plenty of plain wash nicely sweetened.

He proved to be right again; in time. Though, without doubt, as he is one of those unfortunates classed as intellectual by those shrewd ones whose practical business acumen makes them victims of every charlatan and the sport of unexpected happenings, the others have forgotten how far wrong they were then, and have still no idea how far wrong they may be again, in matters where a little less emotion, and a little more steady thought in forgetfulness of the gallery, might easily put them almost right. Yet these are now the very critics, whose grave and passionate utterances on the war were the jests of the soldiers, whose present discussion of the peace is the most that the public, heaven help it, will ever hear about it, who, now they have this survey by Shaw of the world situation and its possibilities, will pretend they cannot see it is the best bit of wit and wisdom on the problem yet published.

There is a reason for that. The public, which can always be trusted to give a decent verdict in a good spirit on

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matters that have not been tampered with, or which it is useless for the press to attempt tampering with, crowds any theatre that presents Shaw; and that public has even an inkling of the fact that peoples of other countries will listen with close attention to England speaking through Shaw, when they would not know the names of the majority of the men who are accepted by us as our spokesmen. Our public, then, is unaware there is a shyness concerning Shaw, shown by the London press to his character as a publicist, which in Ireland is called a boycott. It is usual for a London news-editor to regard a speech by Shaw as 'something the public does not want'; though American magazines will compete to secure that very speech verbatim, and sell out an English edition on the strength of it. In the same way, when, as the reviewer can testify, the visit of Shaw to the front caused more interest among young officers, and competition for his entertainment, than that of any other distinguished civilian who was invited out, there were London periodicals, as usual, composing elaborate jokes for the people at home about the soldiers' contempt for Shaw and his fear of shells.

Why is it? It is hard to say. But this may be guessed; it is certainly humiliating for men who are not always so confident as they seem, to be aware of the existence of a critic who knows their minds and his own so well that whenever he confronts them it affords free entertainment and enlightenment to onlookers; onlookers who, of course, are quite impartial, and do not care the beard of an onion for the holiness of political traditions and reputations, for that exemption from moral law known by patriots, diplomatists, and empire-mongers to be divine, if not publicly acknowledged and for the dignity of the press. As an illustration: How far were readers of the Liberal press permitted to learn of the results of that loan to the Imperial Russian Government to secure against revolution a throne which even then was on three legs? Or that we lent the money under persuasion from the French chauvinists? What we chiefly know about it is that the Tsar was so favored here that when he honored us with a visit at the time, he preferred, probably under proper advice, not to land from his yacht in the Solent. But the Russian Imperialists, having thus embarrassed our Liberal Imperialists with a secret understanding, while at the same time taking care of our money, saw this deal also closed our official mouths if they should choose to do as they pleased in Persia; and they did as they pleased. The evidence of what pleased them in Persia was in the possession of every Liberal editor, as authentic as most Balkan atrocities by the Turks. Did they publish it? Did Sir Edward Grey protest? Will any Liberal, reviewing this book by Shaw, refer to that old black iniquity and political blunder, which is at the beginning of a chain of ruinous events that ended in a miscalculation of Russia as a factor in the war which bordered on the disastrous?

No apologist in this country has yet made a better case for our intervention in the war — a case that a reasonable foreigner would understand and approve — than Shaw. For home consumption, however, it is, unfortunately, free from cant. It is not gilded, but has the flavor of a plain dose administered without a mother's tender care. He shows that, for our part, the war was certainly inevitable, for the simple reason that the European situation, of which it was a logical consequence, had

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developed because we, like the people on the Continent, and with them, had been content to leave the direction of our affairs, till too late, with men whose mind and character were what, measured by the standard of commercialism, would be excellent. And as you sow you must reap. The wages of sin is death. Certainly it did not need the virtuous indignation of British profitmongers and political tricksters to make manifest the immorality of Germany's case. She formed a plan of conquest, not in a hole-and-corner way, as in Africa, but, on the wholesale, educated her youth, organized her life and industry, and armed and trained her people, so that she could do to her great neighboring nations exactly what any sweating employer may do legally anywhere to those fellow countrymen of his who are unable to protect themselves. As generous men who were not Germans saw at once and instinctively, this was carrying free competition, the survival of the fittest, the devil take the hindmost, and the rest of it (sanctioned by science and the Church) much too far. The evil was recognized at last for just what it was. No doubt about it this time. They rose against it. That is why simple men, still acting instinctively, by native morality, are standing by President Wilson, determined there shall be no treachery to those graves in France which constantly admonish us in private. 'When war broke out,' says Shaw:

> England was, up to the limit of her engagements, by far the best prepared of all the belligerents. Her programme was carried out with plenty to spare, and without a hitch. The navy was invincible. The military expedition, in greater numbers and in a shorter time than had been promised, was sent across the sea without the loss of a single man. After discounting all blunders and all reverses, and admitting that our engagements, and, consequently, our preparation, fell far short of our real commitments and responsibilities, we can still claim that Germany was not only hopelessly blockaded, but outwitted, outprepared, out-generaled, out-fought, outgassed, out-tanked, out-raided, out-bombed, and, finally, brought to her knees at England's feet more abjectly than Philip, or Louis, or Napoleon, or any of the old rivals of the British lion. It has been an amazing and magnificent achievement, of which the English themselves will not become conscious until some eloquent historian, a century hence, tells them what to think about it.

Because of the usual shyness of a sensitive man concerning his God, fearing to be called self-righteous, in this book of Shaw's the hurried reader will fail to find any definite confession of faith. What does Shaw believe in himself? he will ask; failing to see that such prompt and unerring demolition of popular idols in the very presence of the priests is not the work of caprice, which never has the interest nor the courage to attack fundamental things; that it can be only the iconoclasm of one who has been energized past fear of consequences by the kind of light which occasionally startles a man with a revelation of the extremity of the peril of himself and his heedless fellows. Nobody who reads much could fail to see that the English of this book, as in that of *Gulliver's Travels* or in Bunyan, is the kind of rare and dynamic language, as straight as a ray of light, such as we get once or twice in a few centuries as the result of passionate morality that happens to be gifted with the complete control of full expression. The spectacle of the world as it is, which has stunned the minds of most, and left even intelligent men with nothing but a grim and cynical smile for the help of their fellows, seems but to have alarmed Shaw into a livelier sense of the essential things which ought to be done at once to save mankind, and into a more

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plangent expression of them. Only a congregation of cheerful fools, smiling into the doom they fail to see but is obviously there, would treat this book but as another engaging display by our most gifted controversialist, 'who does not mean to be taken seriously.' Certainly, if we accept it as that, then the consequences will deal with us seriously enough, and the Winston Churchills, the Curzons, the Pichons, the Orlandos, the Lodges, and the rest, will work on in certain confidence that they can provide us with greater cemeteries than those we have just filled.

He has no doubt about 'the freedom of the seas' and the British Fleet. He is not like the sentimental Liberals who shut their eyes to the roseate cast of Mercator's projection of the world, and murmur, 'But the British Fleet has always been a guaranty of peace.' The Portuguese, the Spanish, the Dutch, the French, and the German sailors, have in turn learned how true this is, as they survey the peaceful waters which now submerge their ships and sea power. And it is not likely that the Americans, though our cousins, with those repeated lessons before them, are going to accept the assurances of British Nonconformists about our eighteen-inch guns and thirty knots being merely a dramatic background for the setting of the beautiful song, 'Hands Across the Sea.' The American Steel Trust and their shipyards will prefer to have 'a bit on both ways,' to use the genuine phraseology of the market-place, down to which this problem will go for settlement. 'Yet from the moment the U.S.A. lay down the first keel with that end in view the main business of every Secretary of State for War in England must be to do unto that fleet as England has already done to Germany's, unless the old order on which M. Clemenceau pins his faith be superseded by a new one, as Mr. Wilson demands.'

'This abominable vision makes some arrangement imperative, league or no league.' The author, clearing himself of every trace of sentiment and illusion that he can lay hands on, and overcoming the usually over-mastering impulse to sing either songs to British victory, or hymns before an international Dove which is now merely in an egg not even laid yet, gives practical hints to the peace delegates and their onlookers, and points to the consequences of disregarding them. Events in Europe within even the past few days — there is Hungary, for example — ought to make it clear enough to the most hardened club-man in Pall Mall that unless he changes his accustomed seat it is likely that the attendants will have to waste time digging him out of the ruins. But for the general public, with this war no sooner over than the important men who took care to keep out of it are now busily preparing for the next, here is a problem as urgent as that of a spreading plague. 'The use of high explosives, poison gas, aircraft, and guns ranging up to seventy miles has made the possibilities of destruction and death so appalling, that the necessary precautions against them, even if effective, make life as intolerable for the civil population whom the armies formerly protected as for the soldiers themselves; indeed, more so; for the soldier has nothing to do but to deal and dodge death, while the civilians have to support the soldiers, support themselves, and take care of the children into the bargain under this terrible fire.' To say nothing of the certainty that the munition factories for the next war will be the chemical and bacteriological laboratories.

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GETTING OUT

'If you belong to any of the following classes,' said the Demobilization advertisement, 'do nothing.' So Lieut. William Smith did nothing.

After doing nothing for some weeks he met a friend who said, 'Hallo, are n't you out yet?'

'Not yet,' said William, looking at his spurs.

'Well, you ought to *do* something.'

So Lieut. William Smith decided to do something. He was a pivotal-man and a slip-man and a one-man-business and a twenty-eight-days-in-hospital man and a W.O. letter ZXY/999 man. Accordingly, he wrote to the War Office and told them so.

It was, of course, a little confusing for the authorities. Just as they began to see their way to getting him out as a pivotal man, somebody would decide that it was quicker to demobilize him as a one-man-business; and when this was nearly done, then somebody else would point out that it was really much neater to reinstate him as a slip-man. Whereupon a sub-section, just getting to work at W.O. letter ZXY/999, would beg to be allowed a little practice on William while he was still available, to the great disgust of the medical authorities, who had been hoping to study the symptoms of self-demobilization in Lieutenant Smith as evidenced after twenty-eight days in hospital.

Naturally, then, when another friend met William a month later and said, 'Hallo, are n't you out yet?' William could only look at his spurs again and say, 'Not yet.'

'Better go to the War Office and have a talk with somebody,' said his friend. 'Much the quickest.'

So William went to the War Office. First he had a talk with a policeman, and then he had a talk with a porter, and then he had a talk with an attendant, and then he had a talk with a messenger girl, and so, finally, he came to the end of a long queue of officers who were waiting to have a talk with *somebody*.

'Not so many here to-day as yesterday,' said a friendly Captain in the Suffolks who was next to him.

'Oh!' said William. 'And we've got an army on the Rhine, too,' he murmured to himself, realizing for the first time the extent of England's effort.

At the end of an hour he calculated that he was within two or three hundred of the door. He had only lately come out of hospital and was beginning to feel rather weak.

'I shall have to give it up,' he said.

The Captain tried to encourage him with tales of gallantry. There was a Lieutenant in the Manchesters who had worked his way up on three occasions to within fifty of the door, at which point he had collapsed each time from exhaustion; whereupon two kindly policemen had carried him to the end of the queue again for air. He was still sticking to it.

'I suppose there's no chance of being carried to the *front* of the queue?' said William hopefully.

'No,' said the Captain firmly; 'we should see to that.'

'Then I shall have to go,' said William. 'See you to-morrow.' And as he left his place the queue behind him surged forward an inch and took new courage.

A week later William suddenly remembered Jones. Jones had been in the War Office a long time. It was said of him that you could take him to any room in the building and he could find his way out into Whitehall in less than twenty minutes. But then he was no mere 'temporary civil servant.' He had been the author of that famous

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W.O. letter referring to Chevrons for Cold Shoers which was responsible for the capture of Badajoz; he had issued the celebrated Army Council Instruction, 'Commanding Officers are requested to replace the pivots,' which had demobilized Marlborough's army so speedily; and, as is well known, Henry V had often said that without Jones — well, anyhow, he had been in the War Office a long time. And William knew him slightly.

So William sent up his card.

'I want to talk to somebody,' he explained to Jones. 'I can't manage more than a couple of hours a day in the queue just now, because I'm not very fit. If I could sit down somewhere and tell somebody all about myself, that's what I want. Any room in the building where there are no queues outside and two chairs inside. I'd be very much obliged to you.'

'I'll give you a note to Briggs,' said Jones promptly. 'He's the fellow to get you out.'

'Thanks *awfully*,' said the overjoyed William.

A messenger girl took him and the note to Captain Briggs. Briggs listened to the story of William's qualifications — or rather disqualifications — and considered for a moment.

'Yes, we ought to get you out very quickly,' he said.

'Good,' said William. 'Thanks *awfully*.'

'Walters will tell you just what to do. He's a pal of mine. I'll give you a note to him.'

So in another minute the overjoyed William was following a messenger girl to the room of Lieutenant Walters.

Walters was very cheerful. The thing to do, he said, was to go to Sanders. Sanders would get him out in half an hour. He'd give William a note, and then Sanders would do his best. The overjoyed William followed the messenger girl to Sanders.

'That's all right,' said Sanders a few minutes later. 'We can get you out at once on this. Do you know Briggs?'

'Briggs,' said William, with a sudden sinking feeling.

'I'll give you a note to him. He knows all about it. He'll get you out at once.'

'Thank you,' said William faintly.

He put the note in his pocket and strode briskly out in search of the dear old queue.

'It will be quicker after all,' he told himself, as he took his place at the end of the queue next to a Lieutenant in the Manchesters. ('Don't crowd him,' said a policeman to William; 'he wants air.')

. . . . . .

And you think perhaps that the story ends here, with William in the queue again? Oh, no. William is a man of resource. The very next day he met another friend, who said, 'Hallo, are n't you out yet?'

'Not yet,' said William.

'My boy got out a month ago.'

'H-h-h-how?' said William.

'Ah, well, you see, he's going up to Cambridge. Complete his education and all the rest of it. They let 'em out at once on that.'

'Ah!' said William thoughtfully.

William is thirty-eight, but he has taken the great decision. He is going up to Cambridge next term. He thinks it will be quicker. He no longer stands in the queue for two hours every day; he spends the time instead studying for his Little Go.

A. A. M.

Punch

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WITH THE TANKS IN PERSIA

I

THINGS had been quiet with us in ancient Ecbatana — quiet even to distraction, for communication was bad, and news filtered through slowly.

We had heard vague rumors of the activities of one Kutchik Khan, bandit and patriot, leader of the Junglis,* who, while voicing noisily and vaguely his belief in 'Persia for the Persians,' yet made constant raids on the Resht-Menjil road, robbing all and sundry under the guise of patriotism. His methods, appealing to many in these times of Bolshevism, had gained him a certain following; and, incited by the loathsome Hun, this small force had become a great nuisance to us.

Convoys passing to and from Enzeli — the well-known port on the Caspian Sea — were frequently attacked, and with impunity.

It was, therefore, good news to us, chafing at our enforced idleness, when one day toward the end of July we received orders to strafe the Khan.

On a fine morning we left Hamadan just as the sun was peeping over the snow-clad hills encircling the town, bathing the whole countryside in rose-tinted hues.

The jingle-jangle of camel-bells and the droning chant of their drivers proclaimed the fact that others were astir even at this early hour, and soon the house-tops were alive with people in many stages of *déshabillé* and sleepiness. Bundles of rags unveiled to the joys of another day the unsightly forms of their owners.

After winding between mud walls, which seemed to accentuate the dust and the stench apparently so necessary to Hamadan, we struck the Kasvin road, and, passing through the first toll-gate, felt we really had started the journey.

This road was built by a Russian engineering company, and had been well maintained during the war. Even at that stage, despite the heavy demands made upon it, it could still be classed as 'metaled road first class.' The perfectly absurd sum we paid the company for the use of the road need not be divulged, especially in these days of millions.

After about a dozen miles or so we were brought to an abrupt stop by a Persian soldier, and in due course a stocky Colonial sergeant came up and took particulars of our convoy before allowing us to proceed. This was the first of many posts, all of which were manned by Persian levies under British officers and N.C.O.'s.

The country through which we passed was far more civilized than anything we had yet seen. Though in places it was hilly, yet no difficult passes were encountered, and a slight downward gradient assisted one enormously — for Kasvin is about 2,000 feet lower than Hamadan. Numerous caravanserais and posting houses were dotted along the road, and the farming was far more scientific than hitherto. Apparently the Russian influence had had some good effect on the effete Persian.

Our journey was much as other journeys. The dust prevented one getting a good idea of the flora and fauna; and our cars had their troubles, as cars always will have; but Vauxhall and Peerless — yes, and even Henry

* From Menjil to Resht stretches a belt of dense jungle, and the inhabitants of this belt have been dubbed by Britishers 'Junglis.'

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Ford — emerged triumphant. Gazelle darted here and there; birds of wonderful plumage, with names to match, flitted past us, uttering strange calls; the corn wagged its golden ears as we passed.

The remains of dozens of derelict motor cars of all makes and sizes recalled to us Russia's efforts and her defection, and many 'ifs' jumped to our minds. Oh, the tragedy of it all! Broken cars, broken homes, broken men — and broken pledges. However, we shrugged our shoulders and dismissed these questions as hypothetical.

Toward dusk we reached Abi Gahn, noted for its sulphur springs, and here we decided to spend the night. A few minutes later found us fairly comfortably esconced in the *serai* of a Russian posting house. Those of us who had been in Russia at once began showing our knowledge of that elusive language, and talked Russian to the master and mistress of the house, wheedling out of them such little delicacies as we considered necessary to our bodily comfort. The only fly in the ointment was the non-appearance of the colonel's (I.M.S.) kit, due apparently to the breakdown of the car it was traveling on. This was unfortunate, especially as, in the Medical Service, medical comforts are occasionally carried!! Still, the colonel was a sport, and between us we soon made him comfortable; and with the moon to light us to bed and the crickets to sing us to sleep, we ignored the persistence of hordes of mosquitoes and slept.

Next morning we were up with the lark — or its Persian equivalent — and after a good breakfast made an early start. The country looked even more civilized than that of the previous day. The valley through which we passed was cultivated to the full, and the crops were good; the habitations were less primitive, and poverty and squalor appeared to be left behind.

We passed certain units of the —— Brigade halted by the roadside, with their black-and-red diamonds showing up on the drab of their topees. As we flung them cheery greetings we little thought that before a month had passed we should be scrapping side by side with them in other lands.

Verst after verst was covered with almost monotonous regularity, until eventually the vineyards and orchards of the environs of Kasvin were reached, and later we passed through the Resht gateway — a triumph of ceramics — into the town itself.

Our glance at Kasvin was destined to be only a very cursory one, for we left early the following morning; but it was quite a relief to find a boulevard of sorts, to see unveiled faces smiling their welcome at us, and to find gardens and cafés once again. Here the Russian and the ubiquitous Armenian gave a touch of Westernism to the Oriental town.

Next day, while Kasvin slept, we again passed through the archway of the Resht gate, and were soon well on the way to Menjil, our stopping place that night. Our road ran through hill country, certain stretches being decidedly pretty, but the sun had scorched and seared all vegetation. On the whole, it was rather reminiscent of Northern Armenia, though not nearly so well watered. At this juncture the flinty nature of the road gave us considerable tire trouble, and our rate of progress decreased. As a result of this we had great difficulty in reaching Menjil by daylight.

The British Tommy describes Menjil in three words. First and foremost, as we saw it, there was a collection of small houses in all degrees of dilapidation, and at the extreme end a hotel of sorts with a name which was most out

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of place. Around this, each day and the whole day, raged a violent gale, accompanied by clouds of blinding dust, and, at odd times, showers of rain. To stand upright was a physical impossibility. Among the collection of houses, and particularly in the hotel, large numbers of energetic and persistent fleas had congregated, and if the poor misguided traveler fancied he had stopped there for a night's rest he had a rude, continuous, and effective awakening. Personally, I preferred to grapple with the wind and dust, and, though sleep was denied me, I was not surfeited with company. Near by the village a river of rich red mud flung itself resentfully toward the sea, passing under a very fine bridge at the extreme northern end. In charge of Menjil was an officer of the 14th H. He had been there five weeks and was still sane, so he must have had an exceedingly well-balanced mind.

The next stage of the journey was the dangerous part, for we were soon to enter the famous jungle wherein Kutchik Khan and his band of stalwarts successfully hid themselves and fell upon the unwary. Our convoy presented a unique spectacle, the cars simply bristling with machine guns, and Master Kutchik appeared to be in for a warm time if he tried any monkey tricks. For the first fifteen miles the road ran along the hillside, with a sheer drop on the right-hand side of several hundred feet to the swirling, muddy torrent below. The hills were moderately well wooded, and were dotted with hamlets whose occupants cultivated every available acre with a thrift worthy of mention.

Everywhere derelict cars paid their tribute to the mad stampede of the Russian army from law and order to Bolshevism. Here and there enterprising Jews were attempting salvage, but the Russian soldier, if a simple-minded soul, at least has a shrewd idea as to the value of magnetos or sets of tires, and consequently practically everything movable had already gone.

At length we reached the toll-gate and Russian post on the fringe of the jungle itself. Here we closed up and got ready for any eventuality, and slowly forged ahead.

The country was magnificent and very hilly, the dense jungle screening the road at its sides like a wall. Flowers of all kinds and hues thrust their brilliance through the dense foliage, and the air was heavy with their scent, accentuated by the damp heat. Giant creepers stretched their tendrils across the road, their scarlet blossoms forming a triumphal arch. Passion flowers, purple clematis, dog roses, and honeysuckle vied with the semi-ripe pomegranates and oranges in mocking us as we went by; while from the jungle came the calls of many wild things, and down below the roar of the swirling waters as they pushed over crags and through the undergrowth. And then we reached a clearing with a small hut in the centre, from which staggered a youthful but fever-stricken British officer who should have been in hospital. In a somewhat shaky hand he held a message just received telling him that Kutchik was making merry on the road outside Resht — our destination that night.

Well, we could not stop there, so decided to go right for him, and hoped he would give us a show. Cautiously we proceeded, peering behind every leaf, craning our necks first this way and then that, until, gradually, the jungle began to thin out, and it dawned on us that this time, at any rate, Kutchik had not worked to schedule.

Fed up to the back teeth, we crept into Resht just at dusk, and there we learned from 'The Babe' that, a few

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days previously, Resht had been the scene of bitter fighting, as a result of which the Junglis had fled discomfited, pursued by the bombs of two energetic and relentless airmen, and haunted by memories of diminutive Gurkhas with blood-stained *kukris*, and armored cars which played havoc with everything.

The town was entirely in our hands and was heavily patrolled, martial law reigning supreme. On reporting to the Staff we found our orders had been changed, and that we were to go to Baku, which the Turk was endeavoring to take in frantic haste. This promised more excitement, and full of enthusiasm we soon disentangled ourselves from the fever-stricken swamps of Resht, and after a short run through the rice fields we reached Enzeli, just in time to rush our cars aboard a steamer bound for the Oil City of Russia. A detachment of the N.S. arrived just in time to board the same steamer.

The Caspian was unkind to us on the trip, and raised her angry billows in noisy protest; but, scorning her lack of courtesy, we in due course arrived at Baku after a twenty-hours' trip, to the accompaniment of many syrens. A noisy and cumbersome seaplane, built probably in 1912, made ungraceful circles over our heads.

Once again we were in Russia.

II

Once moored alongside, we commenced to unload our cars and stores, and dusk was almost on us before we had finished. Then followed a march up to our billets in the town, and to the surprise of many the streets were lined with the populace, assembled to give us a hearty welcome. For some time the air was rent by their cheers, accompanied by the 'clack, clack!' of service 'nines' on the ill-paved streets.

Personally, I must confess I remained unmoved by this demonstration, as I had not forgotten how I entered Russia in 1916, only to be almost booted out in 1917, and counting myself lucky to get out at all.

Besides, if Baku were to be saved, we needed help, not 'lip worship,' and hundreds who were cheering us should have been in the line themselves, doing their bit.

However, it was good to be in civilization again, and our billets at the Hôtel Metropole were splendid. As we marched through the cheering throng, it was not without a certain grim humor that we espied the field guns of Colonel Petrov's Bolsheviki pointed seaward in anticipation of our arrival. But the Bolshevik was always a cowardly hound, and his bark was far worse than his bite when he was really up against it.

The position on our arrival was as follows: The Turks that very morning had succeeded in breaking through and entering into the outskirts of the town, to the general consternation; but the Armenians and Russians, armed with all kinds of weapons, appearing from everywhere, not only drove them to where they came from, but actually pushed them two miles beyond.

After this the Bolshevik Government was thoroughly discredited and received its *congé;* the Caspian Fleet took charge of affairs under the name of the Centro-Caspian Government. They possessed the biggest guns, and were, therefore, most capable of enforcing their commands! Their first act had been to extend the invitation we had been waiting months for, and which the Bolsheviki refused us. Had it come months earlier we should have been in every way more ready for it.

For some days we remained in the town, by day doing nothing in particular, by night standing to. Anxious days

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they were, too. Things were very unsettled, and the Bolshevik element did all they could to make things bad for us, so much did they resent the arrival of the British bourgeoisie. The culminating point, however, was reached when two Britishers were arrested by a crowd of Bolsheviki for some alleged injustice to their followers.

The whole of that evening a fight seemed imminent, and the entire populace seemed to go about in a state of armed frenzy. Eventually, however, wiser counsels prevailed, and, as a result of our firm attitude, the Bolsheviki allowed themselves to be disarmed, and were told politely, but forcibly, that if they did not clear out to Astrakhan at once we should give them a bad time. They went with much gnashing of teeth from their chief, Petrov — a clever, plausible old scoundrel.

Thus, in addition to removing a grave menace in our midst, we secured a large quantity of arms and ammunition, of which we were badly in need for the equipment of the Armenians. Several batteries of field guns also were handed over.

The following day, the town being in a state of absolute tranquillity, the British troops were posted at various parts of the line, with the object of strengthening the Armenian troops already there. In the accomplishment of our aims we were quite unsuccessful, for, on the arrival of British troops in the line, the Armenians, devoid of any sense of duty or discipline, and always craven-hearted, said: 'Good. The English have come to drive back the Turk. We can go home.' And they adopted this attitude, with the result that a front of more than ten miles was manned almost entirely by, roughly, 800 British. The Armenians were well supplied with machine guns and ammunition, though the former were apparently private property for the most part. So-called soldiers would leave the line without permission and go into town on the spree, actually taking their machine guns with them; and, if remonstrated with by their officers (*sic*), would merely shrug their shoulders and retort that they could do as they liked with their own property. Women flitted about the line everywhere. Soldiers, sailors, and civilians lazed about in the sun, occasionally firing their rifles in the blue in much the same way as one scares birds. Everywhere was lack of discipline and organization combined with ignorance and stupidity. The Chief of the local Staff was known to the British as the 'Village Idiot,' and lived up to his name, being a perpetual thorn in the flesh of S—— of Skinner's Horse — a real live man.

The position held by the local troops was a crescent-shape ridge, half encircling the town, the southern portion resting on the seashore, and the northern point sloping down to a dried-up salt lake of large dimensions. This ridge was, roughly, five miles from the town. From the salt lake to the coast north of the promontory on which Baku was situated no specific line existed, but odd isolated posts were to be found. Thus, our left flank rested on the seacoast, and our right flank was entirely in the air. The position taken up by the local troops from first to last was a useless one, and would never have been selected for one moment by a soldier. But there it was, and we had to do what we could with it. It afforded no field of fire, and was entirely dominated by the Turks on the opposite ridge. Between the two positions stretched a valley about 1700 yards in width, through which ran the main railway line from Tiflis to Rostov. A small station stood in No Man's Land, and from this ran a

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good *pavé* road across the valley, zigzagging up the slopes of the ridge held by the Armenians, and passing through Wolf's Gap, thence to Baku. The country round about had little vegetation, and abounded in salt lakes, some of which had dried up, showing as a huge white patch, while others still existed. The Turkish position was dotted with villages and hamlets, and though no sign of life existed, it was evident the Turk had plenty of men and machine guns, and was merely biding his time. Our left, though in a bad position, should have been secure normally, but our right was painfully weak; and after a few days it was evident that the Turks, aided by the local Tartars, were gradually but surely swinging round, hoping to envelop our right flank. A wild effort by the local troops to frustrate this and win the support of the Tartars failed dismally, and troops had to be sent up to strengthen this flank, several good positions having been lost in the meantime.

The Tartars and Armenians simply hated each other. The former had no enmity whatever against us and were not fond of the Turk, but the atrocious excesses of the Armenians the previous March — they were in the majority — drove them into the arms of the Turk, who made full use of them.

For some days all was quiet. The Turk lay low, and though we pounded his positions soundly he made no reply. However, we could not fail to notice that stores, etc., were being continually sent to their left flank, and the dried salt lake became a regular maze of roads. These stores were finding their way to Mastagi.

Now Mastagi was the garden city of Baku, and from this source was drawn the vegetables, fruit, and farm produce so sorely needed. The main water supply of Baku also came from this neighborhood.

It was, therefore, decided by the Staff that Mastagi must be taken. Accordingly, two battalions of Armenians, numbering in all about 500 men, seventy Cossacks, two armored cars, and a mobile section of four machine guns with Ford transport (of the D—— Brigade), were sent up to clear the village, assisted by one battery of .77's.

The attack was intended to be a surprise, but when, on August 11th, it commenced, we found the Turks ready for us. In spite of the valuable work done by the armored cars, assisted by the cavalry, the infantry made no headway against the accurate fire poured in on them from cleverly concealed machine guns. The armored cars could bear testimony to the accuracy of the fire. Two gunners were hit by bullets entering the gun port, one being killed and the other wounded. In spite of a nasty wound in the nose, John M—— was entirely undaunted, and went in again and again with the 'blood lust' showing on his face. It was soon apparent that we were merely running our heads against a brick wall in attempting to take Mastagi by a frontal attack. The place was admirably suited for defense, being well wooded, and possessing many stone-walled gardens and outhouses on the outskirts. These were turned into machine-gun nests by the enemy gunners, and were very hard to locate. The intervening ground, too, was broken, and contained undercover for snipers with enterprise.

Numerous mosques with their minarets afforded excellent observation for the enemy. However, the 'Village Idiot' had his own ideas of tactics, and another effort was made. At one point our line was advanced 600 yards without gaining us any material advantage. In fact, both Leake and Hedge professed being more comfortable in their former position, while Cameron

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got cramp through having to keep his head down to avoid the persistent attention of snipers. So things went on, neither side attempting anything much; and though our guns relentlessly pounded the Turkish positions, the enemy remained 'doggo.' Plans and ideas were discussed only to pass into oblivion, and how Colonel S—— managed to exhibit a smiling countenance to every officer, after a heart-breaking conference with the 'Village Idiot,' was a marvel to us all. What should we have done without him?

Meanwhile things in Baku were bad. Water was scarce, owing to the Turks having cut our main supply, and food was becoming short. There actually was a shortage; but, apart from this, a lot of profiteering went on, and the result of all this redounded on us. Black bread of an indescribable quality — often full of pieces of wood, stones, etc. — cost 10 rubles a pound, and then one had to 'queue' in order to get it. This, valuing the ruble at 5*d.*, instead of its normal price of 2*s.* 8*d.*, meant 4*s.* 2*d.* Mutton was 6 rubles a pound; while beef, potatoes, eggs, jam, butter, fruit, and cheese were unobtainable. Rice was to be had, but of a poor quality and high price. Caviare alone seemed plentiful, but was a great disappointment to the uninitiated, who thought it a new kind of jam! To surmount these difficulties a food controller was appointed, and in face of considerable opposition he did much to get food to the town at a time when it was sorely needed.

Lack of coöperation, coupled with frequent misunderstandings, made our job a hard one; but the arrival of fresh troops at various periods cheered us up immensely, for we all thought that, should the Turk choose to attack in force, we were in a very tight corner. The local troops were bad, and we knew it; and such knowledge did not tend to make things easier for us. Reinforcements came in very small batches, owing to the fact that they had to be conveyed over bad roads all the way from Baghdad. Some detachments actually marched right through. Still, we did our job as well as we could, and waited for the next move.

It soon came. On the 26th of August, at 10 A.M., after a preliminary bombardment which considerably surprised us, such was its fury, the enemy attacked the centre of the line, his objective being the village and railway junction of Balajari — a most important strategical point.

Around Balajari were the oil fields of Griazni Vulkan, Binagadi, and Balakhani. At the station itself were large quantities of rolling stock, tank wagons, etc.

Our defensive position at this point consisted of four detached infantry posts with machine-gun support, the two posts on the right resting on the crest of Griazni Vulkan (Dirty Volcano). No friendly wire protected us, and no communication trenches existed from no fault of ours. The force at this point numbered about 120 all told. On its left flank was a gap of half a mile, after which came an Armenian battalion (which ran, incidentally, after the first shot). On our right flank was another Armenian battalion, under a British officer. This battalion remained at their post, finding the logic of Keeleigh's No. 11's irresistible, until that worthy stopped one in the leg, and was unable to continue the argument.

The commencement of the attack was the usual thing. Guns, which up to now had remained hidden, rained shrapnel and high explosive on our positions with admirable accuracy, and later the enemy bore down on us in open order. They were no irregulars that we saw, but the 'pukka' Turk

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— well trained, well disciplined, and well equipped. As they came across the open, we at once got on to them with machine gun and rifle fire, and for a while arrested their progress, in spite of the absence of artillery support. The gunners had apparently bolted also

It was soon evident that the numerical superiority of the enemy would prevent us from hanging on indefinitely, but we would take our toll before retiring, we thought. Our fire tore gaps in the enemy ranks, but always they came on, until at last they were on top of us, the machine guns going to the last. A short, sharp tussle, of which I remember little, ensued, and we (what remained of us) retired, having held on for over three hours. The position taken up was, roughly, 400 yards in rear of the old one, and we were soon shelled out of it. We retired still further, taking up a position immediately in front of Balajari itself.

However, these details are tedious. Suffice to say, that the Turk, after suffering heavy losses, failed to take Balajari, and a well-executed counter-attack by a company of the N.S. robbed him of almost all his gains. Our losses had been heavy, both infantry and machine-gun section suffering severely.

'Ted,' of Galician retreat fame, got a nasty wound in the shoulder; but, using his revolver with great effect, he fought his way out and got away to tell the tale.

The position of our wounded was a pitiable one. No stretchers were available, and the nearest dressing station was fully two miles away. Those that could get away did so, and those that failed were undoubtedly bayoneted by the numerous hangers-on for which the Turkish army is noted. Once arrived in the town they were conveyed to a hastily erected hospital and admirably treated by Maitland Scott, who throughout worked like a Trojan, and stuck it almost single-handed until the final evacuation.

Desultory fighting continued in this locality for several days, but, on the whole, our positions were maintained. About this time the Turks began to shell the town, and, though the damage caused was insignificant, great consternation prevailed among the civil population. Many left their homes and worldly possessions and went to Enzeli, Derbent, or other Caspian ports.

Unfortunately, the lessons the Turk had taught us were passed over unheeded, and the 'Village Idiot' took no steps whatever either to strengthen existing positions or to make alternative ones, relying on the handful of British troops to drive back two divisions of Turks. Meanwhile, the boulevard was crowded with Armenians and their ladies, relieved of the cares and worries (not to mention the discomforts) of protecting their own lives and property.

Thus things remained until the middle of September, and the handful of British in the line, without relief or any hope of it, with indifferent rations, dwindled appreciably, owing to the ravages of dysentery, malaria, and influenza.

A flutter of excitement was caused one morning by the arrival of a Turkish officer in our lines. He was an Arab, and on this account had been insulted to such an extent that, unable to bear it any longer, he chose to give himself up — and his friends away. From him we got full information as to the Turks' plans, numbers, and artillery dispositions, and naturally this was of great assistance to us.

The regular Turkish forces opposing

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us consisted of 7000 of the best troops of the Ottoman Empire. In addition, Kurdish, Tartar, and Georgian irregulars were giving their assistance to the enemy. Orders had been issued that 'Baku was necessary to the Ottoman Empire, and, therefore, was to be taken at all costs,' and though the troops were badly fed, promise of loot, and their natural hatred of the Armenians fanned to white heat, kept up their spirits.

The enemy had grossly over-estimated our strength, and had he but known what a handful of stalwarts in khaki stood between him and his goal, he could have taken Baku fully six weeks earlier.

On 14th September (the date fixed by our officer prisoner), what eventually proved to be the final attack, culminating in the fall of Baku, took place. At daybreak artillery demonstrations began all along the line. It was very soon evident that the Turks had the preponderance in artillery, and, moreover, were well supplied with ammunition. The dark night was gently changing to dawn as they left their position on the ridge opposite Wolf's Gap, and, ignoring the pitiful opposition of the local troops, they actually marched in column of route, with artillery, etc., across the intervening valley and up the *chaussée* road through Wolf's Gap, thus reaching the Armenian main position (left flank) unopposed. Here they deployed in splendid order, and were soon in possession of the entire ridge extending from Balajari to the sea. They were actually behind a company of the N.S. holding the coast. Taking their own time, and with the confidence of trained and tried troops, they next proceeded to shell the local troops who had re-formed on a ridge about 800 yards away, and were making a stand in the very last defensive position before Baku. From this ridge an excellent field of fire was obtained, while broken ground, a large cemetery, and several chalkpits considerably enhanced its value.

But so far the Turk was top dog. Meanwhile, to prevent reinforcements coming up, demonstrations and side-shows were started all along the line. The battle raged the entire day with alternating success. Those sectors held by the British on the whole remained in our hands; but though the Armenians, scared by the knowledge that they had at last got their backs to the wall, put up a better fight, the mischief was done. The main line had been given up without a struggle, and a second formed line, protected by barbed wire, did not exist. The open fighting considerably favored the well-disciplined troops of the enemy. In vain British reinforcements were sent to where the fighting was thickest. They fought like heroes and inflicted heavy losses on the enemy. The company cut off by the coast hacked their way through, and under able leadership joined in the fray around the cemetery. Australian, Canadian, and South African officers urged their Armenian battalions on — always in the thick of it themselves. Armored cars of the D—— Brigade darted hither and thither, and inflicted severe casualties on the advancing enemy. Many deeds of valor were performed by the wearers of the black, red, and green diamonds, but eventually sheer weight of numbers told, and by six o'clock in the evening, after hard fighting, the enemy was on the outskirts of the town.

Our position was not by any means an enviable one, but during the evening something occurred — a something which I regret I cannot disclose — which revealed the base ingratitude of the Armenians, and which indicated

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to us our course of action. It was decided, as we could no longer hold Baku, that we must quit. Orders were at once issued for the evacuation, and all troops recalled from the line. Ships were commandeered, and troops, wounded, and stores were embarked in spite of threats from our pseudo-allies as to what our fate would be if we attempted to leave the place. The amazing brother of a distinguished general, left to his own devices, practically stripped the local arsenal and got away with the spoils, he and his accomplice holding six-shooters at the heads of the captain and chief engineer respectively. Thus the enemy was cheated of a very valuable capture.

It was about eleven o'clock when the 'Village Idiot' issued his ultimatum to us, and pointed out how the gunboats would blow us off the map if we attempted to move; but with a curt 'Carry on, then,' or its Russian equivalent, Colonel S—— gave the order to get away, and, with shells and bullets screaming over the stricken town, we left for Enzeli.

We had no cause to reproach ourselves. We had done our bit, and perhaps a bit more. Playing a lone hand, let down by all who should have helped us, fighting alongside troops who, we knew, were utterly unreliable, hemmed in by intrigue more dangerous than enemy attacks, we kept at bay for a period of six weeks almost ten times our numbers.

Baku was merely a side-show, and no doubt is already forgotten, but even side-shows must needs have their rows of wooden crosses, their wards of maimed men, a tragic consequence of war.

Blackwood's Magazine

THE CLASH OF EAST AND WEST IN THOUGHT

Mr. Stephen Graham tells us that all that is positive in modern Russian thought springs from the teaching of Solovyof. Introducing his book, *The Justification of the Good*,* he says: 'Tolstoy we know; Dostoievsky we know; and now comes a new force into our life, Solovyof, the greatest of the three.' Certainly *The Justification of the Good* is worth reading, but not because Solovyof is greater than Tolstoy or Dostoievsky. They remade the novel, but he has not remade moral philosophy. Indeed, he has failed in that which he set out to do—namely, to justify the good; and he has failed because the good is not entirely good to him. There is in his mind a conflict between a natural Oriental pessimism and an acquired Western optimism; and it is this conflict that makes the weakness and the interest of his book. He himself is entirely unaware of it; to himself he is a Christian; but his Christianity is tainted by ancient heresies natural to the Eastern mind, and so natural to him that he thinks they are a part of Christianity. In actual Christianity there always has been a drift toward Manichæism, checked again and again by conscious dogmatic statement or unconscious revolt. The very affirmation that God made all things in Heaven and earth is

* *The Justification of the Good.* By Vladimir Solovyof. Translated by N. A. Duddington. Constable 15*s. net.*

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a denial of Manichæism; but here we find it still possessing the mind of a trained philosopher just as it possessed the mind of Tolstoy. Again it comes to us out of the East, a dark Asiatic madness, a melancholy deeper than thought, betraying itself in Solovyof's very conception of the nature of morality. He protests, as we have said, that he is a Christian and denounces Schopenhauer; yet, wherever he is a Christian, he is inconsistent with his own first principles. In them he is a follower of Schopenhauer, or, rather, one of those Eastern pessimists whom Schopenhauer followed with a European zest that denied his own pessimism. Schopenhauer was consistent in thought, but his mood, his cheerful malice, contradicted his thought; Solovyof is inconsistent in thought, but underlying that inconsistency there is a mood of despondency which betrays itself whenever he speaks with most conviction.

He professes to be an advocate of the universe; but his heart is not in the work, and he fails to make the universe seem attractive. That is the mark of the true pessimist; try as he will, he cannot make us like his version of the universe. The more he praises it, the more we rebel. At best he can only preach contentment; and we cannot be content to be content with the universe; we must finally side with exultation or with despair.

Solovyof's pessimism betrays itself at once in his account of 'the primary data of morality.' According to him, 'the fundamental feelings of shame, pity, and reverence exhaust the sphere of man's possible moral relations to that which is below him, that which is on a level with him, that which is above him.' Pity, for him, is the origin of love and is itself a more moral feeling than love. He believes that, because he believes that all good has its origin in pain; he is unable to conceive of a good state of mind that is not painful to him who experiences it. 'Love in itself,' he says, 'or love in general, is not a virtue; the virtue behind it, the unconditioned virtue, is always pity.' But this is contrary to the whole Christian faith, and contrary also, we believe, to all human experience. Solovyof's very psychology is perverted by his pessimism. Of the mother, whether human or animal, he says that no mental state but pity 'can express her original solidarity with her weak, helpless, piteous offspring wholly dependent upon her.' But, according both to the Christian faith and to experience, a mother's love is deeper than pity; pity is only an incident of it. Solovyof would persuade us that love, like all good things, is necessarily painful in its origin; it comes of suffering the pains and sorrows of others, and its joy is but the result of that suffering. But, according to the Christian faith, love is deeper than both joy and sorrow — these are but incidents of it which it accepts and to which it gives a quality, a meaning, they lack without it. And, as a fact, the mother, human or animal, is not always pitying her piteous offspring. The cat, the best of mothers, delights in her kittens, which are far from always piteous. The natural tie between her and them, the tie between any mother and her child, is not pity, it is motherhood and childhood, which mean love.

But Solovyof, in denying that love is a virtue, betrays the fact that, in his profound pessimism, he does not know the meaning of the word love. 'Selfish love for one's self and one's property, passionate love of drink or of horse racing, is not reckoned as a virtue.' But these things are not love. Men cannot love themselves; self-love is only a metaphor, a *reductio ad*

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absurdum of egotism. It means that the egotist is so incapable of love that he would love himself if he could. Self-love is a word for a negative, meaning the absence of love for others; and when we speak of the love of property or drink, we also use the word metaphorically; we mean that a man commits the absurdity of behaving as if it were possible to love these things. Solovyof quotes the words of St. John — 'Love not the world' — which, he says, are an expression of the fundamental principle of asceticism. But asceticism itself is not fundamental, except for pessimists like Solovyof. It is a negative means to a positive end, a means to love. When we say that a man loves the world, or anything else that cannot be an object of love, we mean that he is, by some kind of egotism, preventing himself from loving. Love, by definition, is self-forgetfulness in something that can be loved. Solovyof does not really believe in the existence of that which can be loved for its own sake. He tries, but unconsciously, instinctively, he fails. Still he says that love of our neighbor has its source in pity, and love of God in reverence, which means to him fear or gratitude. He is too despondent to affirm in either that quality which directly moves us to love. The great positive passion does not exist for him because to him the universe, God himself, is negative, forbidding; and all good consists in refusing and in the pain of refusal. Thus he says, in a curious passage, that to share another's joys is not so good in itself as to share his sorrows.

> Participation in the pleasures of others may always have an element of self-interest. Even in the case of an old man sharing the joy of a child doubt may be felt with regard to the altruistic nature of the sentiment; for in any case it is pleasant for the old man to refresh the memory of his own happy childhood. On the contrary, all genuine feeling of regret at the suffering of others, whether moral or physical, is painful for the person who experiences that feeling, and is, therefore, opposed to his egotism. This is clear from the fact that sincere grief about others disturbs our personal joy, damps our mirth, that is, proves to be incompatible with the state of selfish satisfaction.

One could not imply more clearly that God does not wish us to be happy, that He has made a universe in which we can be good only through suffering. But the Christian doctrine of love asserts that he who loves will consent to both the joys and the sorrows of love, that love itself is good, not joy or sorrow.

> Joy and grief are woven fine,
> A garment for the soul divine.
> And when this we truly know,
> Safely through the world we go.

A state of mind is not good because it is painful; the joy we take in the joys of others is not egotistical because it is joy. Indeed, the egotist is prevented by his egotism from feeling it. The good state of mind is love; and it is to be valued because it is love, whether it brings us joy or sorrow. Solovyof confuses pleasure with joy. Participation in the pleasures of others will have an element of self-interest, if it is not the result of love but of the desire to share the pleasures. But love cannot come of the desire to share pleasures, although it alone enables us to share both joy and sorrow. Here, as elsewhere, the psychology of Solovyof is wrong, because, for him, the universe forbids.

But it is when he comes to speak of shame and the sexual instinct that his Manichæan madness most clearly betrays itself. Conscience, he says, is simply the development of shame. 'The whole moral life of man, in all its three aspects, springs from a root that is distinctly human and essentially foreign to the animal world.' But

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shame is a negative feeling; it is dislike, it says — Do not; and if conscience, if our whole moral life, springs from this negative origin, it loses value for us the moment we are aware of the fact. We cannot consent to a universe in which that is so. Imputing this source to the good, Solovyof at once fails to justify it for us; the Kingdom of Heaven itself is for him a negative, to which we attain by being ashamed, not of 'this world,' but of our very selves. True, he says that 'the object of condemnation in asceticism is not material nature as such. From no point of view can it be rationally maintained that nature, considered objectively — whether in its essence or in its appearances — is evil.' But here it is only the acquired Western part of him that speaks, and it is contradicted in a few pages by the instinctive Oriental. He says that the animal life in man must be subordinate to the spiritual; but he means that it must be denied and destroyed by the spiritual.

> The moral question with regard to the sexual function is in the first place the question of one's inner relation to it, of passing judgment upon it as such. How are we inwardly to regard this fact from the point of view of the final norm, of the absolute good — are we to approve of it or to condemn it . . . to affirm and develop or to deny, limit, and finally to abolish it?

Solovyof says we are to abolish it.

> The carnal means of production is for man an evil . . . our moral relation to this fact must be absolutely negative. We must adopt the path that leads to its limitation and abolition; how and when it will be abolished in humanity as a whole or even in ourselves is a question that has nothing to do with Ethics.

Here is the very doctrine of the *Kreutzer Sonata;* but in Solovyof it is supported by a dark mysticism which he never clearly expresses. According to him the carnal means of production is somehow the cause of death. 'Man's final acceptance of the kingdom of death, which is maintained and perpetuated by carnal reproduction, deserves absolute condemnation.' Such, he says, is 'the positive Christian point of view, which decides this all-important question according to the spirit and not according to the letter, and, consequently, without any external exclusiveness.' True, the Manichæan drift of Christianity has always existed; but always Christianity has resisted it, always its bright positive has overcome that dark negative; and even Solovyof allows a practical compromise with his own doctrine, though the doctrine itself he insists is true, in the following curious passage.

> The idea that the preaching of sexual abstinence, however energetic and successful, may prematurely stop the propagation of the human race and lead to its annihilation is so absurd that one may justly doubt the sincerity of those who hold it. It is not likely that anyone can seriously fear this particular danger for humanity. So long as the change of generations is necessary for the development of the human kind, the taste for bringing that change about will certainly not disappear in men.

He does not see that, if the change of generations is necessary for the development of the human kind, it is the darkest pessimism, implying the malignity of God himself, to hold that the process necessary for that change is itself sinful.

But Solovyof, as soon as he comes to deal with economics, escapes from his own madness, and, indeed, supplies an antidote to it. Here he is subject to Western thought, here he is no longer a pessimist or a Manichee, and here he escapes from his psychological error. In the chapter on the Economic Question, he insists that man is not entirely an economic being, that the economic man is a figment of bad

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metaphysics; and he points out very shrewdly that Marxian Socialism has been infected with the error of the bourgeois economics which it set out to destroy.

> The defect of the orthodox school of political economy — the Liberal, or more exactly, the Anarchical, school — is that it separates on principle the economic sphere from the moral The defect of Socialism is that it more or less confuses or wrongly identifies these two distinct, though indivisible, spheres. From the plutocratic point of view the normal man is, in the first place, a capitalist, and, then, *per accidens*, a citizen, head of a family, an educated man, member of some religious union, etc. Similarly, from the Socialist point of view all other interests become insignificant and retreat into the background — if they do not disappear altogether before the economic interest.

In fact, the error of the economic maniacs is of the same nature as the error of the sex-maniacs. Both find but one content in human nature, whether it be sex or the struggle for life; and Marxian Socialism is based upon that monomania, like plutocracy. Both, says Solovyof, have the same motto — 'Man liveth by bread alone.' 'The struggle between the two hostile camps is not one of principle. . . . One party is concerned with the material welfare of the capitalist minority, the other with the material welfare of the labor majority.' It could not be better put, though it is not true of all kinds of Socialism; and in refuting it Solovyof also refutes his own Manichæism. 'Economic relations,' he says,

> are based upon a simple and ultimate fact, which cannot, as such, be deduced from the moral principle — the fact, namely, that work, labor, is necessary to the maintenance of life. . . . The necessity to work in order to obtain the means of livelihood is, indeed, a matter of fate and independent of human will. But it is merely an impetus which spurs men to activity, the further course of that activity being determined by psychological and moral, not by economic, causes.

And, again, 'productive labor, possession and enjoyment of its results, is one of the aspects of human life or one of the spheres of human activity.' Now apply all this admirable doctrine to 'carnal reproduction.' It also is a simple and ultimate fact, which cannot be deduced, as such, from the moral principle. It also is necessary to the maintenance of human life; and the fact that it is so is independent of the human will. To say that it is evil in itself is as if one said that the instinct of self-preservation was evil in itself; which is to condemn the nature of the universe, as we know it. Solovyof, when he comes to economics, does not condemn the nature of the universe or of man, because economics is a wholly Western study and he has not read his own Eastern heresy into it. But, inevitably, if he had thought consistently he would have been forced either by his economic doctrine to give up his Manichæism, or by his Manichæism to give up his economic doctrine. The two are incompatible, but Solovyof did not discover it. So the interest of his book is not in its philosophy, but in that conflict between East and West which divides it into two inconsistent parts. The very sincerity of the writer, which never fails, makes the conflict the more patent. Here we have in philosophical terms the tragedy of Tolstoy's last years. For Manichæism makes life impossible; and that is why Christianity, which says that life is not only possible but glorious, must always condemn it.

The Times

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VANISHED TOWNS

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

THE older Europe and North Africa and the Near East — the Roman Empire in a word — holds a number of dead towns. The number is not large in proportion to the towns still living, because, save under a violent pressure, men will not abandon the city; for the city is the storehouse, not only of the material wealth, but of all their tradition, which makes them and their wealth together. The number of such towns is especially limited in Britain, because Britain, in spite of the Pirate Invasions of the Dark Ages, preserved its material continuity with antiquity better than any other province. If you make a list of the principal English towns standing before the modern change — say, in the time of the Civil Wars — you will be astonished to find what a very large proportion of them are *certainly* of ancient establishment, and what a very small proportion can even doubtfully be ascribed to origins later than the Roman occupation.

It is so with all the surface of England. It is so with the Roman roads, as I recently stated. It is so with the harbors, save the quite modern ones, and it is so with the distribution of wealth and of political importance in the various districts up to the industrial revolution.

The dead or decayed cities, then, are less numerous with us than with most other communities. But what there are of them have a special interest, because they stand to-day in such a crowded land.

There are three sorts of towns or sites of this kind.

There are, first of all, the sites to which tradition (sometimes only preserved in a vague name) ascribes the position of some centre that has disappeared, or, failing tradition, the remains of fortification and the convergence of many roads. Badbury Rings, for instance, in Dorset, where five of the great roads meet, and where certainly there stood a centre all memory of which has disappeared. Or fields where the word 'old' appears grotesquely isolated. 'Old Winchester,' for instance, right away from the town, upon the hills. These last names are a puzzle all over Europe. You very often find them in places where a town could hardly ever have been. Sometimes they are associated with a legend which may have some germ of truth, but which as it stands is incredible, and that legend often enough tells one in detail of how and why the original inhabitants migrated.

There has been much debate upon that adjective 'old' attached to such bare fields without a trace of building or of defense. But I have seen no acceptable conclusion.

The second kind of dead town is one of which we know certainly the historical existence, and which has yet within recorded time altogether ceased to be inhabited. Some very few of these have up and down Europe kept ruins of their buildings: whether preserved by the same cause which destroyed them, as at Pompeii, or saved from loot by desert or distance — as at Timgad, the most wonderful place under the sun. But the greater

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part have lost even their foundations, though often their defenses remain. Silchester is our great example in this country; Wroxeter is another. Old Sarum is a third.

There is a third sort of town often called dead which is not dead, but decayed; and this decay has come usually from causes which history can trace. Either an industry has left the place, or means of transport, the sea, or a river, have become less convenient. Or, more rarely, direct political action, apart from material causes, has doomed it. This third class is the most numerous, naturally enough. For the fortunes of towns may fluctuate, but the complete death of a town is rare.

Of the three categories, it is the second which presents the greatest interest — at least, the greatest historical interest — because it presents the most problems. How and why did such a town as Silchester disappear, or such a town as Wroxeter? Why did men completely abandon Timgad? Or, for the matter of that, Babylon?

Then there is that other problem, how, each having been abandoned, should the vestiges of each so thoroughly disappear within the few centuries allowable?

I have written the word 'loot,' and that is certainly the main cause. But its thoroughness is astonishing! The very foundations disappear. How do they disappear? Hippo, in North Africa, was a great town. It was a chief bishopric. It was so big that an army of certainly more than 70,000 could not properly besiege it. Its site is known. There is nothing left. I despair before such a puzzle. Academic men have been found who would say that the old buildings were insignificant. That is nonsense. Towns of which the corporate life is known, wealthy, loaded with generations of building, towns whose material was stone, and of which the surviving fragments are sufficient to show their character, leave hardly a trace. The earthworm covers any slight ruin with a little cushion of mould — not very deep, but that will not answer the question posed. I can only suppose that when these places were quarried everything was taken. It would certainly pay one better to dig out the bricks from an old cellar and foundation if a strong modern house fell into ruin than to make new bricks, and one can point to many places where the foundations have thus been looted within living memory. I know the site of more than one old house in my own country which has entirely disappeared; cellars, footings of the walls, and all.

Another problem as to these dead towns is the lack of reference to them. One would have thought that during the interval between their last habitation and the revival of modern and accurate research, there must have been a long period during which the appearance of the place would have excited curiosity and provoked stories. But one does not find them.

Take Pevensey. Pevensey was a traditional port. It must have had importance, for it had a keep very heavily fortified by the Romans. It remained important at the time of the Norman Conquest, for it was the goal of William's fleet. It has only gradually declined because the harbor went dry. But you cannot trace the decline save in quite its later stages, and of that long period when it must have been partially cut off from the rest of England we know nothing.

Nor do we know anything of the Port of Lympne, except that it was a Roman harbor, and is now dry land.

I remember one — and only one — reference to such things in the period

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of transition, and that is a single famous sentence the origin of which (though not the present form) is as old as the seventh century. It describes the site of one of those innumerable battles in which the kinglets of the Dark Ages raided into their neighbors' territory from the marches of Wales to the North Sea, and from the North Sea to the marches of Wales. It was a battle which impressed its own time and posterity, because, though it had no political effects that we know of, it involved a great slaughter of the clergy and seemed to fulfill a prophecy of St. Augustine's. In the few words remaining to us of that fight there is the phrase 'By the waste Chester that is there,' which means 'By the formerly inhabited fortified Roman post' (or camp or town). To what post or town it refers we do not know, for it cannot possibly relate to the continuous town of Chester itself, though the struggle was somewhere in the neighborhood.

As a rule a town dies without witnesses to its death and without mourners, and its memory perishes.

Therein lies the physical fascination of such places. They are at once haunted and isolated. You are certain that you will hear no voices and have no vision, and yet you know that they were crowded. It is like going into a house which you knew well in youth, and which has been empty for many years. Or it is like seeing palely reflected in a window-pane the portrait of someone dead, so that it seems like the figure of the dead alive again and caught in the glass advancing. It is a fascination felt much more strongly as time passes and as one's acquaintance with the place increases. Why, I do not know. It ought, one would think, to be the other way.

There is a Roman theatre unused which I have visited many times, and I know that after my last visits to it it seemed more peopled than before.

No small part of the magic of a town it stolen away from it by the detestable modern habit of belittling the past. Luckily, we can apply to this basest of historical errors the most powerful of historical criteria, which is common sense. One can appeal to the common experience of mankind and so correct the worst errors of pedantry even in a time when the pedant is worshiped as he never was worshiped before.

For instance, when an academic man tells you that a boat could not sail into the wind until the seventeenth century, you can refer then to the people who sail boats, unless indeed you have time to teach the man to sail a boat himself; then he will find out *first*, what would happen to any boat that could not sail into the wind; *secondly*, how no one, not even an ape, could sail a boat without the boat itself teaching him how to put it on a wind. It is so all through the field of history, and it is so particularly in the case of these dead towns.

Take the case of Pevensey. There is at Pevensey (now but a village) and there remains, outside the village, the wall of a fort — largely Roman. If a man tells you that the wall marks the size of the whole of the Roman town, ask him to consider what is worth while at all by way of a port. You have here a place which a fleet of many hundred vessels carrying a force (William the Conqueror's) of many thousand men and horses could still use as a port six hundred years after the full imperial period of Rome. A port which not only can be used in that fashion, but which obviously suggests itself for use in that fashion to an invader is not a port served by a little village. It is obviously a port served by some considerable town. The dimensions of

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the Roman fortification correspond well enough to the *arx*, the stronghold of such a town. They do not and cannot correspond to the whole periphery. Then there is the very tenacious legend of the great pirate attack on Pevensey at the beginning of the Dark Ages. It is only a legend, of course, and it was not written down until many centuries after the event; but the thing must have been of some magnitude to leave such an impression. Pevensey is the only one of the Roman towns the memory of an attack on which by the pirates has survived. Unlike the other Roman towns, it was apparently sacked, and there was a massacre which legend has exaggerated into a complete destruction of the population. A memory of that kind does not arise about a walled station a furlong square.

Another habit which falsely lessens our interest in the dead towns is a misconception upon the nature of their fate. Hardly ever in history has a town disappeared through one act of war — at least, until modern times. For war has become far more murderous and far more destructive since the first confident statements (barely a hundred years old), that war as an institution was coming to an end. I think there is no certain case in all history of any considerable town having completely disappeared as the result of a single act of war. There are many cases of a town having declined under successive acts of war, spread over a considerable time, and a few of such a decline ending in a complete waste. But for one such case you have a score of cases in which the decline can be atributed to almost any other cause than arms, and, as I have said, not a little of the fascination of the study lies in the common absence of evidence describing the decline. It is always a safe negative hypothesis in the absence of evidence that whatever caused an ancient town to fail it was not war.

In most historical problems it is a useful thing to try to get a modern parallel. For instance, if you want to understand how legend arose you have the modern case of the imaginary Russian troops passing through England in 1914. If you want to understand the spirit of religious persecution, which may seem odd and incomprehensible, you have the modern case of large minorities forbidden to drink fermented liquor because it is taboo to other citizens in the State.

To understand, then, the very puzzling problem of how these older towns decayed and disappeared, what can help you best is a modern parallel; but a modern parallel is not easy to find.

We live in a time and country marked by rapid expansion in numbers and in wealth. Such towns as have decayed were checked in their decay long ago, and most of them have grown larger again. We can hardly find a single example familiar to us of a town in process of decay: a process which we can watch and understand.

As difficult to explain as the disappearance of foundations in the decline of a town is the varying depth at which its last ruins are found. Of course, a town continuously inhabited rises gradually in level. Rome is a conspicuous example, and the rise in level is naturally greater in periods of loose administration than in periods of highly organized life. But this process, common to every ancient inhabited site of Europe, does not account for the great depth of earth covering the floor level of the abandoned houses; still less can one explain the capricious differences in that depth.

There is a last speculation to which, confess, I continually turn, although

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it is purely imaginary, and that is the method of decline that would be followed by our own great industrial towns.

There is nothing to make them permanent save the combination of industrial expansion and expense in the distribution of power. If either of these factors were to be modified they would go to pieces. No one wants to live in them; no one has any religious feeling or even affection for their wretched sites. What will happen in their decay? The amount of material to loot will be enormous, and a declining society will hardly have the energy to loot it thoroughly. The soil has been turned and re-turned and tunneled to great depth by one stratum of communication underlying another. Many of the buildings are so deeply founded and of such solid material that one cannot see them in imagination, covered even by centuries of the work undertaken by worms. What a waste of intolerable ugliness they will make! The great patches on the coalfields on either side of the Pennines! The Midland patch round Birmingham! The Five Towns! Who will look at them and wonder, and what will you see a few hundred years hence? Further, what oddities of survival will there be?

The other day, in Glasgow, I saw the enormous Tennant chimney lifting up into the skies after such a fashion that if we had inherited it from antiquity it would be one of the wonders of the world. Will any of those striking towers remain?

For that matter, more curious even than the fate of our meaningless industrial towns is the fate of the ways connecting them: the railways. What will a remote posterity make of immense earthworks — and earthworks are the most enduring of human things — leading on to hillsides, and there stopping, for the tunnels will have fallen in. What will they make of the fragments of viaducts? If they guess the uses of these things and imperfectly explain them we shall have (when we are dead, and can no longer laugh at them) delightful theses of incongruity. At any rate, it is a consolation, or a shame, to know that we are leaving no records. For we are establishing no permanent language, nor carving even our changeful idiom upon enduring things.

Land and Water.

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ECONOMICS, TRADE, AND FINANCE

SYNDICALISM AND PHILOSOPHY *

BY L. P. JACKS

MR. SCOTT is to be congratulated on having produced a timely book in which a thoughtful mind will find abundance of nourishing meat. His work is equally valuable in leading the student of social facts to become a philosopher, and in leading the philosopher to become a student of social facts. It is precisely by such 'correlations' of social and philosophical tendencies as Mr. Scott here seeks to establish that we learn the high uses of philosophy. The book is full of promise, and of promise that points in many directions. It evinces social sympathy as well as the trained mind; and Mr. Scott is the more welcome to the ranks of philosophical authors because he makes his entry by bringing the truths of philosophy into relation with the facts of life. It is to be hoped he will continue on these lines, and enlarge the considerable debt we owe him for the book now before us.

Mr. Scott opens the campaign by the description of Syndicalism as 'the voice of something that has failed,' an interesting proposition, which at once engages the attention of the reader to the subsequent diagnosis of the failure. In spite, however, of a chapter devoted to answering the question 'What is it that has failed?' we are not quite clear as to whether the 'failure' which Syndicalism voices is its own or that of something else. It can hardly be the former, since a movement which has failed would have no voice to speak of, the voice which announced its failure being presumably that of somebody else. In describing Syndicalism as a voice Mr. Scott has incidentally credited it with a certain measure of life, if not of success, and we are compelled to make the alternative assumption, namely, that the failure it announces is that of some other thing or idea. In this, however, there is nothing to distinguish Syndicalism from any movement of thought that has ever taken place in the world. Everyone of these announces the failure of something it proposes to supersede. This holds true of Christianity, and it holds conspicuously true of the 'constructive idealism' of Mr. Scott, which is the voice of the failure of the non-constructive idealisms that went before it — a failure very powerfully voiced in some of the best pages of this book. Mr. Scott, indeed, does not go the length of saying that all who went before him, or his philosophical teachers, were thieves and robbers, but he announces the failure of several philosophies, more especially those of Professor Bergson and Mr. Bertrand Russell. Indeed, one might almost offer Mr. Scott a little of his own sauce by describing his book as the voice of two philosophies that he thinks have failed. Mr. Scott's book is, however, much more than that. But Syndicalism also is much more than the voice of the failure of something. By so describing Syndicalism Mr. Scott does it more honor than he thinks. He puts it into one class with all the great discontents and all the fine adventures of the human soul, from the migration of Abraham to the

* *Syndicalism and Philosophical Realism.* By J. W. Scott, Lecturer in Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow. A. and C. Black. 10*s.*6*d.*

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logic of Hegel. All of these announce the failure of something — and the impending success of something else.

Apparently, what Syndicalism announces as a failure is the political idea — the idea, namely, that this disordered world can be set to rights by political machinery of the familiar type represented in parliaments, law courts, and police. Mr. Scott means, however, not that this idea has really failed — for he evidently holds to it himself — but that Syndicalists have made a mistake in thinking it has. That they do so think is unquestionably true. But hardly for the reasons assigned by Mr. Scott; certainly not for them alone. Mr. Scott attributes their mistake to the influence of the perverse teachings of Bergson and Mr. Bertrand Russell; at least, he does so in certain passages, though in others he treats Bergson and Russell and Syndicalism as three fruits on the same tree, and not under the relation of cause and effect. But those who are in close contact with Syndicalists may have some difficulty in recognizing Mr. Scott's picture as true to life, in spite of the utterances of M. Sorel, the high priest of the tribe. The 'average' Syndicalist knows little or nothing either of Bergson or Russell, and one could often wish he knew more. What he distrusts is not so much the idea of arranging a new Jerusalem by skill in political draughtsmanship, (though he does distrust that) as the *people* who do the arranging. Build the political machine as you will, the Syndicalist believes that so long as capitalism exists capitalism will capture the building. The capitalist is in possession, and, being in possession, he can so contrive things that in the long run the political machine falls into his hands and becomes an instrument of his purpose.

There is here, thinks the Syndicalist, a fatal circle which can only be broken by smashing the capitalist and all that he stands for. This is what he means by 'direct action.' You cannot smash the capitalist by political weapons, because, as things now are, he can always contrive to get these weapons into his own hands and use them for smashing you. The one weapon he cannot steal is the strike. With your votes the capitalist can play tricks. He can capture them, he can manipulate them, he can persuade you to give them to him on promises which he keeps in the letter but violates in the spirit. But the strike is a direct blow which he cannot evade, and which, if repeated often enough, is certain in the long run to knock him out. I think, therefore, that Mr. Scott is in error when he represents Syndicalism as working without any kind of plan or strategy, as mere 'blind' action. It is an essentially militant thing, and its repudiation of political methods is analogous to that which most military experts recommend as essential to success in war. When a Foch or a Clausewitz tells us that political considerations must not interfere with the actual conduct of operations in the field, that a good commander will concentrate all his efforts on destroying the enemies' forces as they confront him, without thought of the political implications, he is laying down the very rule which forms the nerve of Syndicalism in its war upon capital. But this rule does not mean that there is to be no strategy: it is a clearing of the ground on which strategy has to lay its plans. It would seem, therefore, that Mr. Scott has misconstrued the facts in reading the Syndicalist's repudiation of *political* plan as a relapse into blind and purposeless violence. It is a thought-out plan of campaign — a bad one, no doubt, but none the less a plan, for all that. The Syndicalist

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does not discharge 'thought' from his methods, and fall back on 'intuition,' as Mr. Scott assumes. He 'thinks,' but thinks differently from Mr. Scott, and from his present reviewer, for the matter of that. Nor is there the least reason to fear that 'thinking' will ever be abolished by the teachings of Bergson or anybody else. So long as man keeps his head on his shoulders and his brain inside it, thinking is bound to go on beneficently when the thinker happens to be a good man, and disastrously when he happens to be a bad one. This inevitableness of thinking follows from the doctrine of brain function as laid down by Bergson himself, and I have yet to learn that Bergson urges anybody to put his brain out of commission.

If the whole world were converted to Bergson's philosophy to-morrow, I greatly doubt if the result would be shown in any marked increase of Syndicalism. This movement unquestionably has a certain right to find its sanctions in Bergsonism, as we may see from the writings of M. Sorel, quoted by Mr. Scott. But there are other movements or tendencies, some of them flatly opposed to Syndicalism, whose right to appeal to Bergson is at least as great, and probably much greater. It is notorious, for example, that Bergsonism has been widely claimed as sanctioning the ideal of the Catholic Church, the ideal, that is, of a highly organized society whose growth is determined, not by the 'schemes' of human draughtsmen, but by the urge of its indwelling spirit. Bergson, indeed, is the prophet of the spirit which blows where it listeth, and not to order. What he opposes is neither thought in general nor even mechanical thought, which is useful enough in its proper place: it is the application of mechanical thought to *human life*, the notion that life, either collective or individual, can be controlled by 'draughtsmanship,' or understood by any of the diagrams which draughtsmanship produces.

The result, if this way of looking at life were generally adopted, would indeed be fatal to that type of 'constructor' who carries the plan of the new Jerusalem in his waistcoat pocket, as so many apparently do; but the *creator*, who is a very different kind of person, would find himself distinctly encouraged. The quantitative measure of human progress, now dominant everywhere, would be discredited, and the tendency in all nations to imitate the mechanical form of the Prussian State would receive a decisive check. No doubt Syndicalism would find such an atmosphere congenial to it, but so would many other and better things with which Syndicalism has nothing to do. Of these I should expect that art, which has well-nigh perished under the hands of the constructors, would be the chief. The economic ideal would gradually give ground, and men would begin to understand that they are not living their life until they are creating something that is worthy of the best that is in them, which the economic state, as it now exists, most assuredly is not. The change from construction to creation is the keynote of Bergsonism, and though it has its dangers (and what form of philosophy has not?), it has also great promise, and might conceivably give us a new and better civilization than any the world has so far seen. For it must be confessed that the performances of the 'constructors' up to date have not been a conspicuous success. The constructors have been a quarrelsome lot, and have spent too much of their time in pulling down each other's constructions, and in fighting for possession of the ruins. They have brought the world into a state of horrible confusion.

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On the whole, then, I am inclined to think that Mr. Scott, over-emphasizes the connection between Bergson and Sorel, and sees it somewhat out of proportion. He does the followers of Bergson scant justice when he takes the Syndicalist as the type of them all. All Bergsonians, indeed, hate the notion that life is a thing to be pulled by strings, moral, political, or economic. But their common hatred of the mechanical State and all its abominations must not be construed as a hatred of the State in general, as insensibility to the value of community life, as indifference to their country. As a matter of fact, most of them love their country as ardently as any constructive idealist Mr. Scott could find, but they hate to see their country degraded into a wealth-producing automaton, governed in 'departments,' and would as soon think of worshiping a 'State' of that kind as they would of falling down on their knees in Whitehall and saying their prayers to the Board of Trade. Nor is it altogether fair to make Bergson responsible for any and every application of his doctrines, Syndicalist or any other. If that rule were allowed every philosophy in the world could be discredited, not excepting the constructive idealism of which Mr. Scott is so able and pleasant an exponent; and, again, one is tempted to give him a tit-for-tat by showing (as one could) that Prussian militarism is the direct descendant of his own doctrine. But that, too, would be unfair. You cannot produce a philosophy of one kind or another, realist or idealist, Kantian or Bergsonian, which some evil but sufficiently ingenious mind will not construe into a warrant for breaking the Ten Commandments. As in science, so in philosophy, the knowledge which was meant to increase the value of human life may be turned to the invention of poison gas, and ultimately enable us to blow up the planet by pressing a button — a truth 'which will surprise nobody who has ever heard of original sin.' But this should not be laid to the charge of the philosopher; it should be considered rather as the tragedy of his calling. It is no fault of his, for example, if on announcing his proof of human freedom, somebody at once makes use of it to justify himself in committing adultery. Nor is it his fault either, if, on proving determinism, another adulterer steps forward and declares that he could n't help it.

Mr. Scott's criticism of Mr. Bertrand Russell is, I think, more profoundly based than his attack on Bergson. He accuses Russell of taking human nature as it is given here and now, instead of construing it in terms of what it is capable of becoming, which is the way of the constructive idealist. Over against Russell's notion of a world so ordered that human nature, taken as it is given, can get its fling, which means, of course, the removal of all embarrassing limitations such as those imposed by the present marriage law — over against this Mr. Scott sets the notion of a world where the limitations imposed on the individual are such that he gains his freedom precisely by submitting to them. The passage in which Mr. Scott expounds this poignant truth is the finest in the book (page 204). But the fault of Mr. Russell would seem to be, not that he accepts what is given in human nature, but that he does n't accept nearly enough of it. For the ideals of human nature are 'given' just as truly as are the instincts and impulses they educate and restrain. Here the difference between the two thinkers is, not that Mr. Scott 'constructs' while Mr. Russell only 'ac-

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cepts'; but that Mr. Scott 'accepts' a great deal more than Mr. Russell. And, as Carlyle would say, 'By Gad, he'd better!'

The Observer

REVIVING FRENCH AGRICULTURE

FROM an agricultural point of view, the difficulties are great. The absence of the farmers from their fields for over four years has made itself felt, and the women, children, and old men have only incompletely replaced the mobilized men. The requisitioning of the teams, the inefficiency of transport, as well as the labor shortage have had an adverse influence on production, which decreased considerably just at the time when the need was growing. Hence the necessity for having recourse to imported provisions of a kind which France had hitherto produced for herself.

A graph representing the decennial statistics compiled by the Ministry of Agriculture, for the development of production and consumption of corn would take the form of two ascending curves, almost parallel one to the other. The consumption rose as the area under corn increased, and so the amount of foreign corn imported has remained practically the same since 1840, a slight variation of from 3,000,000 to 10,000,000 quintals in a normal year.

With regard to livestock, the position is different, and, before the war, the commercial balance was maintained by the excess of exports over imports. The past four years, however, have greatly changed the state of affairs. The corn production has successively fallen from 89,000,000 quintals in 1913 to 77,000,000 in 1914, 60,600,000 in 1915, 58,400,000 in 1916, 39,000,000 in 1917, from which it rose to 64,000,000 in 1918. While restrictive measures were adopted, it was necessary at the same time to import great quantities of flour and corn from America, in order to assure the military and civil food supplies. These purchases, in conjunction with others of frozen meat for the troops were paid in gold, and had a most unfavorable influence on the exchange rates.

All efforts must be concentrated on the task of regaining and, if possible, raising the pre-war level of production in agriculture. As a matter of fact, within her frontiers of 1914, France can command only little raw material. No proportion of this quantity can be exported, the amount being already inadequate for home requirements. The same holds good for the majority of her manufactured products, for which, with a few exceptions, France must turn to foreign countries. Agriculture, which, in the words of M. Victor Boret, is 'its chief national industry,' can alone help France to regain her pre-war position in the world market, and that only by achieving an intensified production.

Germany knows this well; and, therefore, wherever it has been possible, has endeavored to ruin the cultivated regions of France, and in particular those under sugar-beet, whose competition it feared. The document submitted by M. Klotz to the Peace Conference Reparation Commission leaves no room for doubt about this. The damage done cannot be estimated with any accuracy. The most fertile parts will require several years before they can attain their former production. But it is not only within the zone of the armies that agriculture has suffered. The steady decrease in production since 1914 proves conclusively that in the rest of the interior also the insufficiently tilled and manured fields will require a more or less

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long period in which to recuperate. It is, however, essential, that some effort should be made to restore French agriculture to its former prosperity.

The means employed to gain this end must not, however, be left to chance. Private initiative must be guided and advised. A programme must be compiled. The situation must first be impartially and thoroughly examined, with a view to detecting the faults in the present system and suggesting improvements. Just as other industries, agriculture can derive benefit from scientific discoveries. Unfortunately, France too often clings to old customs, and while French men of science make discoveries, other nations put them into practice. This is what happened in the case of chemical fertilizers, the use of which Grandeau endeavored to popularize in the *Temps*. Of course, French farmers have gradually become accustomed to use them; but only in a very small degree, as compared with foreign countries. Much still remains to be done, if old prejudices are to be conquered.

M. Boret, Minister of Agriculture, has issued a programme on a vast scale. He begins by laying down the principle that the prosperity of all other industries will depend upon that of agriculture. The country must, therefore, be organized to achieve an over-production. Only thus can France export and become rich. The familiarity with machinery and scientific resources gained by the soldiers during the war, makes them more ready to adopt the newer methods of agriculture on their return home; but individual progress must be supplemented and increased by a system of collective instruction of which advantage will be taken. It is well to increase the area of land under cultivation; but it is more important to choose for each field the crop best suited to it, to prepare the soil by methodical tillage, and improve it by suitable fertilizers. This policy will achieve a greater yield with less trouble and often less expense.

The improvement of products by a strict selection of seeds and stocks is to be attained according to a programme supervised and promoted by the State. Livestock societies, cooperative associations for the purchase of fertilizers, machinery tractors, and agricultural tools are to be encouraged and subsidized more largely than in the past. Agricultural instruction must also be changed. The curriculum of rural primary schools must be compiled with a view to retain those who are born in the country on the land, to imbue them with a love of the land, and to develop in them an inclination which in many cases only requires encouragement to become a vocation.

The only reproach which can be made against this wide programme is that the State has been assigned too large a part. Until the present, agriculture has had the good fortune to escape administrative control. Any attempt to change custom in this direction would meet with considerable difficulty. Fortunately, however, there is little fear that such a situation will be created, because M. Boret has tacitly pledged himself to act upon the advice of those interested in the matter. It is certain that, while they will uphold all that is sound in the programme, the agricultural societies will object to excessive State intervention and will advocate unrestrained liberty.

Le Temps

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TALK OF EUROPE

TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND pounds, according to the London *Daily Telegraph*, are needed to provide for 'the careful restoration of the fabric and the equipment and the maintenance in the future' of the English home of the Washingtons, Sulgrave Manor in Northamptonshire. The old house was purchased, in 1914, by a British Committee as part of the celebration of the hundred years of peace. The present memorial looks forward to Sulgrave Manor becoming 'a permanent link of friendship between the British and the American peoples, a museum and depository of documentary, pictorial, and other records of Anglo-American relations, a rendezvous for all Americans visiting the old country, and a centre of influence for the future.'

ACCORDING to *Le Cri de Paris*, there exists a 'Corsican Question.' A solitary Corsican has handed in a memorandum to President Wilson, and has had an answer, from a secretary, that the President would not fail to take cognizance of his memoir.

Paris waits to be torn asunder, and Parisians are whispering that the delays of the Conference are due to the Corsican Question!

THE tribute which Marshal Foch paid to the American troops on March 11th, seems to have missed a great many American readers. Moreover, such translations as the writer has seen have been but carelessly done. THE LIVING AGE takes pleasure in reprinting for its readers the official translation.

I received to-day a report on the strength of the American troops. I shall not give it to you in detail. I am only going to set forth to you the final effort of the army of the United States.

A year ago, on March 11, the American army in France numbered only 300,000 men, or, in other words, six infantry divisions; they were in course of training. There arrived 30,000 men per month.

On March 21st, Germany launched her offensive against the hinge of the allied armies in the region of Saint-Quentin. You know what its effects were. It soon reached the Scarpe, advanced up the Somme, which it crossed, and progressed down the Oise. The situation suddenly became very grave.

In those critical days, on the 28th of March, General Pershing and General Bliss generously came forward with an offer to lead their men into battle, and they both said to me: 'We are here to be killed; forward then with our men.'

Soon after, on the 25th of April, at Sarcus we met the same Generals; on the 2d of May, at Abbeville, with the concurrence of the Allied governments, we asked the American government to land in France, each month, 120,000 infantry men or machine-gunners, and replacement troops.

In fact, during the month of March, the United States sent to us 69,000 men; in April, 94,000; 200,000 in May; 245,000 in June; 295,000 in July; 235,000 in August.

The strength of the American army went up from 300,000 men on the 11th of March to 954,000 in July, and 1,700,000 in October.

On the 2d of June, the Versailles Supreme War Council asked President Wilson to continue sending troops in the same way, from 200,000 to 300,000 men per month, and to have in readiness for the spring of 1919 one hundred American divisions. President Wilson answered that he agreed, and that if more were needed, they would be forthcoming.

But, during that time, the American troops did not remain idle. As early as the month of May, two American divisions went into the fight with the first French army in the region of Montdidier; three were in the Vosges, where they relieved the French; two were in training.

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In June, two more were on the Marne, at Château-Thierry, and in the Belleau wood, where they assumed a large share of the resistance offered to the enemy.

On July the 18th, five American divisions took part in the victorious counter-offensive of the 6th and 10th French armies. and contributed greatly to its success.

At the same time, on the 24th of July, the first American army was formed, under the command of General Pershing. Its appointed task was to clear the communications between Paris and Nancy by pushing the enemy back at Saint-Mihiel.

On the 12th of September, 14 American divisions, 8 in the first line and 6 in support, conquered the salient of Saint-Mihiel, capturing 200 guns and 15,000 prisoners.

Some days later, on the 26th of September, between the Aisne and the Meuse, in the rough Argonne region, 14 American divisions went into a great offensive. On the second day, Montfaucon was left behind; on the 14th of October Grandpré was taken, Châtillon on the 21st, Bantheville on the 30th, on the 1st of November Buzancy, on the 4th Beaumont, and on the 9th the whole line of the Meuse, from Mouzon to Bazeilles, was in our possession.

In the meantime, two American divisions lent their assistance to the 5th French army near Romains; two others to the British armies in the region of Saint-Quentin, and still two others, jointly with the 4th French army, stormed the formidable positions at Orfeuil; then, two American divisions shared in the offensive of the Flanders group, on the Lys and the Scheldt. Finally, six more were getting ready, together with the French army, for the offensive of the 14th of November in Lorraine, when the armistice of November the 11th was signed, taking our weapons from us.

Thus the American army, supported by a government firmly determined to keep up the fight to the very end, had returned to Lafayette the visit he had paid to America at the time of her birth.

Thus, it had powerfully aided to the securing of victory through the armistice, which is tantamount to a capitulation, an absolute capitulation.

I think of those moving memories, of days of anguish and days of success, as I raise my glass in honor of President Wilson, who so valiantly upheld us in the war, and in honor of my American comrades in arms, of the Generals and the soldiers, all equally glorious, thanks to whom a decisive victory has been achieved for freedom.

A DANGEROUS epidemic of rabies has appeared in England, 150 cases having been reported within three months, 98 from Devon, 25 from Cornwall, and 23 from Wales. In April, the danger menaced London, cases of the disease were reported from Acton in Middlesex, and a mad dog at Ealing bit three people before a farmer managed to kill it with a spade. As a result, a strict muzzling order has been enforced in all the Home Counties. The order does not apply to packs of hounds which are being exercised under control, to sporting dogs under control, or to sheep dogs, but all other dogs of high and low degree, from Pekinese to village mongrel, must wear muzzles in public places. A merry war has raged over 'profiteering' in muzzles. There having been no case of rabies in England since 1897 (the disease was then scientifically stamped out by Mr. Walter Long), the epidemic is thought to have been brought over from the Continent by dogs smuggled in by returning soldiers.

IT is quite impossible to make head or tail out of the Irish situation. The Irish Republican Parliament still continues its sessions in Dublin as if the 'His Majesty's Government' were but a dream, and Dublin Castle goes on pretending not to notice the independents. Mr. De Valera proposes 'to gain the necessary international recognition of the Republic by sending representatives to Paris and ambassadors and consuls to other countries.' In order to provide the necessary funds for the work of the Republican government, it has been decided to call for a loan of a million pounds.

There have been several collisions with the police, a magistrate or two has been mysteriously shot, and Limerick has seen a kind of *émeute* signalized by the alliance of Sinn Fein and the Workingmen. No

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one has come forward with any definite policy, yet all observers feel that 'something' ought to be done. The British papers are clearly opposed to any campaign of coercion. Mr. George Moore, with what the *Spectator* calls 'a brilliant flash of imagination' writes that Ireland ought to be made the corridor between America and Great Britain. 'A great port on the West Coast, a new and splendid railway across the island; a train ferry to Holyhead (until a tunnel is made), a mighty stream of traffic through the heart of Ireland. Give Ireland a great position in the world by making her the most striking link in the League of Nations.' G. H. Powell, an Englishman of Englishmen, complains of the vacillating mind which 'passes Home Rule Bills it dares not enforce and imprisons convicted criminals only to release them with an apology.' A Unionist writes that the Sinn Feiners represent only a minority and that great numbers of electors have not voted. For John McGrath, writing in the *Fortnightly*, the whole Irish situation is a tragedy. 'There are people, Irish, I am sorry to say, as well as English and others, who seem to think all this is a very excellent Irish comedy. It is a tragedy!' And if tragedy, there is nothing more tragic than the position of the Irish soldiers who fought with the Allies. Theirs has been the greatest sacrifice, for when they returned to their own land, they got little thanks for all they had done. Captain Stephen Gwynn is now touring Ireland urging the necessity of organization among the men who served.

Bolshevism, if one can judge by the few apparently trustworthy reports, is decidedly on the down-grade. The system simply does n't work, quite apart from any conditions resulting from the Allied blockade. That portion of Lloyd George's speech of April 16, which dealt with the Russian situation will be found interesting. He says:

I do not despair of the solution being found. There are factors in the situation even now which are promising. Reliable information which we have received indicates that while the Bolshevik forces are apparently growing in strength Bolshevism itself is rapidly on the wane. It is breaking down before the relentless pressure of economic facts. This process must inevitably continue. You cannot carry on such a great country on such crude principles as those which are being inculcated by the Bolsheviki. When Bolhevism as we know it, and as Russia has known it, to her sorrow, disappears, then the time will come for another effort for the reëstablishment of peace in Russia.

But the time is not yet. We must have patience and we must have faith. We are dealing with a nation which, after being misgoverned for centuries, has been defeated and trampled to the ground, largely through the corruption, inefficiency, and treachery of its own government. Its losses have been colossal. All that largely accounts for the real frenzy which seized upon a great people, and that is why the nation which has gone through untold horrors has abandoned itself for the moment to fantastic and lunatic experiments. But there are unmistakable signs that Russia is emerging from the fever, and when the time comes that she is once more sane, calm, and normal, we shall make peace in Russia. And until we make peace in Russia it is idle to say that the world is at peace.

Camilla Lacey, near Dorking, the country residence of Mr. Leverton Harris, was destroyed by fire in the early hours of the 17th. ult. The outbreak was discovered by the servants, and before anything could be done to check it the house was doomed. together with the entire contents. Only the outer walls remain standing.

Camilla Lacey was rich in historic and literary associations. The original house was built by Miss Burney from the proceeds of her third novel; hence the title. She was the daughter of Dr. Burney, celebrated for his knowledge of music, and in 1793 was married in Mickleham Church, close by, to Chevalier D'Arblay, who was a guard at the Tuileries on the night when Louis XVI fled to Varennes. About this time many distinguished French exiles had

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taken refuge at Juniper Hall, in the neighborhood. The house, or cottage, was gradually enlarged and improved by successive owners, but many of the original features had been preserved, including 'The Burney Room.' This contained the manuscripts of several of Fanny Burney's novels, original letters and other correspondence, and family portraits, which Mr. Harris had been at much pains and expense to collect. The whole of these have been destroyed, together with valuable antique furniture and other art treasures.

Sir Walter Scott once visited Camilla Lacey, and afterwards wrote: 'She (Mme. D'Arblay) told me she had wished to see two persons, myself, of course, being one, and George Canning. This was really a compliment to be pleased with, a nice, little, handsome pat of butter, made up by a neat-handed Phyllis of a dairymaid, instead of the grease, fit only for cart wheels.'

Camilla Lacey was picturesquely situated in the beautiful Box Hill district, near where George Meredith lived and died.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Joseph Galtier is a staff correspondent of the Parisian daily, *Le Temps*.

Hilaire Belloc, author and editor, has devoted much time to a special study of mediæval civilization.

Maximilian Harden, needs no introduction to American readers. News from Germany has been strangely silent concerning his rôle in the present melée.

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THE PILGRIM

BY LAWRENCE HOUSMAN

Weary pilgrim, rest thy powers,
Nature hath her reaping hours.
Thou, so rich in memories stored,
Blend thine own with Nature's hoard.
Other milestones distant far —
See thy last in yonder star!

Where the roseate doors of rest
Open in the deepening west,
O'er thy quarters for this night
Hesperus upholds his light;
And the folding dusk shall bring
Sleep to be thy covering.

Pain and toil, as partners here
Mingle for remembrance dear.
Couldst thou sever this from these,
Rest were robbed of half her ease;
Could thy heart forget the cost,
Labor done were labor lost.

Pilgrim, in thine evening skies
Thou canst make no stars arise;
Yet may Time, or gentler stream,
Gather and reflect the gleam.
Where the widening ripples yield,
Gleanings from a distant field.

Here, in fellowship with thee,
Earth attains tranquillity:
Through the reaping-field of dreams
Evening draws her shadowy teams,
And a young moon, newly born,
Sets her sickle to the corn.

The Nation

FIRELIGHT

BY ELIZABETH STANLEY

Playing in the fire and twilight together,
My little son and I,
Suddenly — woefully — I stoop to catch him.
'Try, mother, try!'

Old Nurse Silence lifts a silent finger:
'Hush! cease your play!'
What happened? What in that tiny moment
Flew away?

The Athenæum

A SONNET

BY CLAUDE HOUGHTON

A bird woke singing in my heart to-day
(I know not why — I deemed all joy was dead).
Woke singing wondrously till sorrow fled
And sent my thoughts, like children, out to play;
So winter vanished and the world was May,
A fragrant wonderland for Love to thread,
And skies were golden-misted overhead —
I know not why, for all the world seemed gray.

Unless — unless within her dream-stirred sleep,
My slender love smiled very lovingly,
And called me softly in the silence long,
And even Distance could not hidden keep
The magic of her voice that stole to me
And flooded all my heart with golden song.

The New Witness

'ACCORDING TO THE MIGHTY WORKING'

BY THOMAS HARDY

When moiling seems at cease
In the vague void of night-time,
And heaven's wide roomage stormless
Between the dusk and light time,
And fear at last is formless,
We call the allurement Peace.

Peace — this hid riot, Change,
This revel of quick-cued mumming,
This never truly being,
This evermore becoming,
This spinner's wheel onfleeing
Outside conception's range.

The Athenæum

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